

FILM FUN

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FEBRUARY

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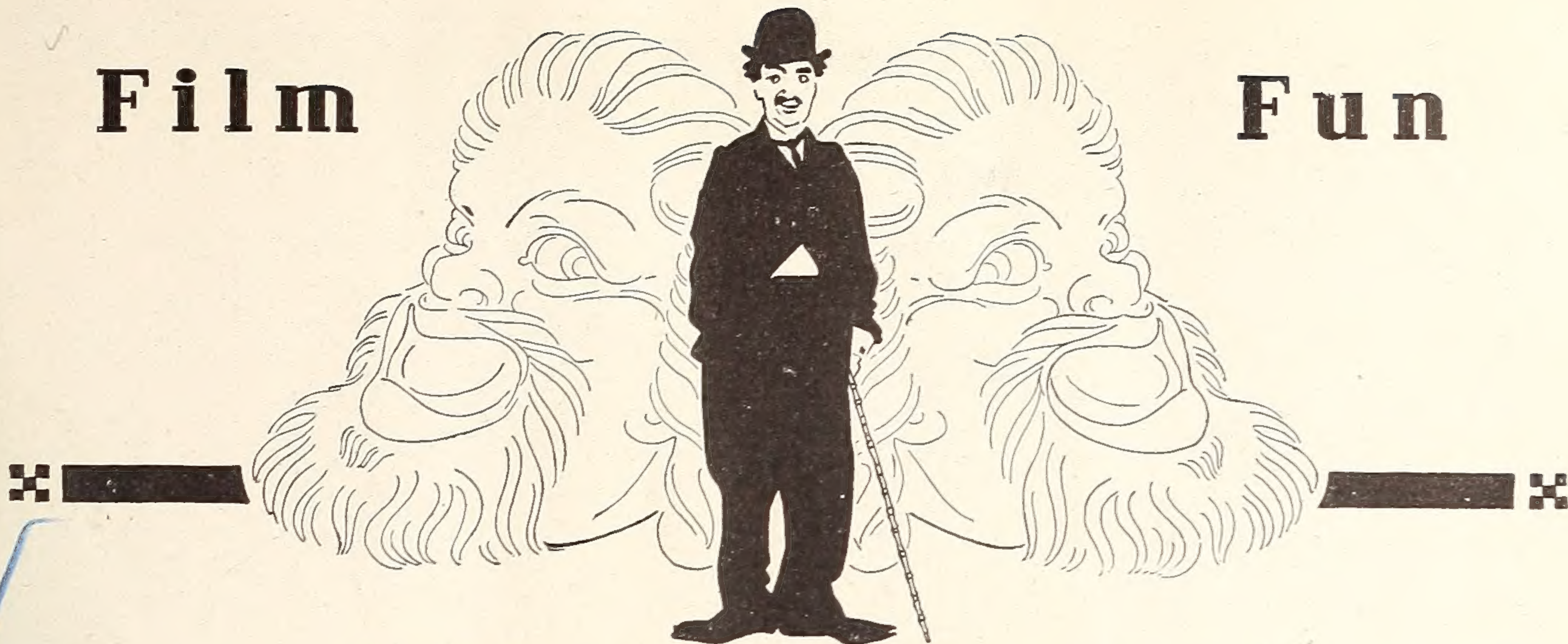


HERE'S HOW!

By JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG.

Film

Fun



Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined

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E D I T O R I A L S

What Constitutes a Comedy

TO THE general run of audiences a comedy is a play with comic situations. Originally the word "comedy" was merely an indication of a happy ending, without regard to the plot or the play.

As a rule, the producing companies accept either interpretation of the word. To them a comedy is a picture in which an actor disports himself as a jumping-jack or intrudes his pulchritude into as many close ups as a single reel will hold. The main essentials for a comedy seem to be a pretty girl who falls off a bench and displays a generous section of striped or ringed hose, and a comedian whose only resemblance to Charlie Chaplin is a flexible walking stick and a secondhand mustache.

Chaplin, by the way, is a genius, and to expect a resemblance in make-up to be a substitute for his artistry shows what a poor idea of public intelligence the movie producer must have.



Entitled to Better Comedies

THE BETTER class of companies are sincerely trying to raise their standards, but a large share of them still persist in the delusion that the broad-gauge and roughhouse scenario remains the measure of the public preference. On the other hand, we believe that the great body of motion picture fans is entitled to better comedies than the present average.

The greatest asset of the motion picture is that it allows a large number of people to obtain excellent diversion at a small cost. But to follow the fortunes of a tear-dripping and chest-heaving heroine through five long reels calls for some quality of opposite afterward. A clean, snappy comedy that is at once crisp and sane is the tonic needed.

The producers who spend alleged thousands of real money per week on their stars and directors might find it profitable to invest thirty or forty cents extra and produce a comedy or two that relies as much on its intrinsic humor as upon its unique

falls, tumbles, trips and nonchalant kicks and drops into calm lakes and seething oceans.

Some day, we hope, there will arise a genius who will hear the call of the clever one-reel comedy and give to the laughter-loving, joyous American public the need of the hour—clean comedy.



Inflated Values

THE MISSION of FILM FUN is to make the people laugh—not weep. For this reason we feel inclined to say a word regarding investments in motion picture stocks. Many letters have reached us, asking advice as to investing in motion picture concerns. Many have invested in them and made money. And hundreds more have sent their savings hopefully, only to wait month after month for a prosperous report.

As a rule, there are highly inflated values in the motion picture business. The shrewd man, who knows how to make his money work for him, can make money anywhere. He is the one who is piling up fortunes in the motion picture business. Largely he is enabled to do this because of the money sent in for investment by the hundreds of people who have heard of these wondrous fortunes and hope to get wealthy in a few months. We hear much of the salaries of \$2,000 a minute made by stars of renown, but the actual pay checks might tell another story than that of the enterprising press agent.

For there is another side to the story. A man who would not miss the loss of \$10,000 or \$20,000 complains of the slowness of results from the motion picture business. He has invested heavily. He explains that it costs from \$5,000 to \$50,000 to outfit each company. There must be thirty companies at work before there are any returns on the profits. Expenses keep up all the time. To raise the money for thirty companies takes some scouting in Wall Street, and to wait three or four years for interest takes some patience on the part of the investors. If you have money to spare and patience to wait, then invest in the motion picture stocks.



J. R. BRAY IN PARAMOUNT PROGRAM

COLONEL HEEZA LIAR MAKES GRAND GAME FOR THE ANIMALS.

He's a Busy Little Funmaker

THERE isn't a funmaker on the screen to-day who draws more laughs to the minute than the busy little Colonel Heeza Liar, who was invented and created by J. R. Bray some three years ago. He keeps six cartoonists, twenty assistant artists and four camera men constantly at work getting them out.

Now, you want to know how he does it, don't you? Just how he makes the queer little Colonel Heeza Liar go through his extraordinary antics, and how his funny animals laugh and trot about and seem so human in their endeavor to amuse the public. Well, we'll let Mr. Bray himself tell you about it. Once in a while he will stop long enough from his work to explain the motive power of the busy little chap, although, as a rule, he is too occupied in his work to stop to talk.

"It's a lot of work," says Mr. Bray. "There are thirty-four different processes to go through for each cartoon, and there are about four thousand cartoons in each thousand feet of completed film. First, I make a background on a sheet of heavy paper. This background is printed on many sheets of tracing paper. In this way it is necessary only for the artist to draw the parts which are to appear in motion. You see, the background remains stationary throughout the scene. We can easily erase or draw over this background.

"Each position must be drawn in. And in order that the movement on the screen will run smoothly, we have to use great care in the drawing. See that artist over there carefully tracing off a figure? He is drawing it for a new motion, and in order to get it exactly right, he traces over the figure with

the thin tracing paper and draws in the new motion from that.

"There isn't a drawing that I do not personally supervise, and I make the first sketch of the plot. Sure, I create all the plots. My cartoonists do most of the sketching and filling in, but I draw most of the movements. When a set of drawings is completed, the camera men photograph them. I have an invention for controlling the speed of action in the picture done by varying the number of photographs taken of each cartoon. Here, for instance, you watch that camera man there, and you will see what I mean. That scene requires an object to move rapidly, then slowly, and finally come to a stop for a moment. The pictures representing the quick action will be given one exposure, and as the movement of the object diminishes in rapidity, each picture is given a correspondingly increasing number of exposures. As soon as the action stops, a number of photographs are taken of the same picture, the number being dependent upon the length of time that the action is suspended. In this way I can control the speed of the different parts of the picture.

"I couldn't tell you just where I did get the idea. It simply evolved, I guess. I was a newspaper artist on the New York papers for seven years, and I always had a notion in my brain of this funny little chap going through all sorts of amusing adventures. Everybody likes kid pictures and animal pictures, no matter how old they get, and Colonel Heeza Liar was popular from the start. There is a promising future in the animated cartoons, and I am figuring on some surprises for the future."

Mr. Bray is drawing cartoons for the Paramount Program.

A Brown-Eyed Comedy Girl



PATSY DE FOREST, a Lubin girl, was ready for her chance when it came. That is why she always wears such a charming smile—because she got her chance. There were eighty girls taking a shy at the chance, too. She was tried out in a picture and went through her scenes with such charm-

ing ease that the other seventy-nine hadn't a ghost of a chance.

Patsy is mighty popular around the studio, but she has an Angora cat, named Billy, who might be more popular. Billy prowls around the place, seeking what he may devour, and he makes no bones about devouring what he seeks. Anybody who is careless enough to leave a lunch about the place immediately begins to inquire as to the locality of Billy before he accuses anybody else of its disappearance. And Billy calmly seeks the protection of Miss De Forest's shoulder and sticks out his tongue at his accusers.

"Billy wouldn't touch a thing," explained Miss De Forest, "but he got a bad name one day, and ever since they blame everything on him. He got the bad name through the carelessness of one of the directors, who had been wanting to go fishing for a long time. Finally he had a day off and laid in a lot of fish for bait. He left it around loose, and Billy just wanted to taste a little of the fish—you know how cats like fish—and first thing you know all that bait was gone. Of course Billy got blamed for it, because he happened to be seen hanging around the vicinity. You wouldn't touch anything that didn't belong to you, would you, Billy?"

"Na—ou!" said Billy, purring like an exhaust engine.



LUBIN

THE PROPOSALS ARE RECEIVED.

Patsy De Forest, Nancy Baring and Adelaide Hayes in "His Three Brides." Willie Montague's proposals of marriage are received. They conspire to punish him.

"See?" said Miss De Forest. "Billy says he didn't." And Billy must know.



A Good Lender

First motion picture actor (indignantly)—Say, what did you want to go and tell folks I was borrowing money for?

Second actor—Well, I only mentioned it to one or two particular friends.

First actor—Well, don't ever do that again, else I'll never borrow another dollar from you. See?



LUBIN

HIS THREE BRIDES.

Deborah Pottle, a fat, elderly widow, is in love with Willie Montague, who is a made-up, conceited old man, fancying every woman he meets in love with him. He proposed by letter to three girls, who send one of the proposals to Deborah and urge her to prepare to marry the ancient beau.



THANHOUSER-MUTUAL

GLADYS HULETTE LOOKS OUT TO SEE IF THE WEATHER IS FINE.

Six o'clock in the early dawning, and Gladys Hulette is looking to see if the day is fair. It takes her fifteen minutes to get into her crimson sweater and a fetching little crimson cap and a short brown tweed skirt, and out she trips for her morning walk on the smooth roads outside of New Rochelle, N. Y. Miss Hulette doesn't believe much in nerves or temperament. Her pretty little head is crammed with plain common sense—the variety that calls for long walks, much living in the open air, simple foods, unostentatious gowns and plenty of earnest work.

"That's what puts color in your cheeks and punch in your work," she says. "Temperament is all right for press notices, I suppose; but it is a dreadfully unpleasant article to live with—so I bar it."

Miss Hulette is a Thanhouser girl. Besides that, she is a pretty girl.

Shadows on the Screen

By LOIS ZELLNER

Think of a baldheaded row to-day,
Sitting in front of a sheet,
With daring side glances
Applauding the dances,
With comment on ankles and feet.

The beauties divine that appear on the scene,
Alas! are but shadows thrown out on a screen.

Think of grand op'ra with never a note,
With never a voice to be heard,
With Carmen coquetting
And false loves begetting,
And nobody saying a word.

The great prima donna in Spain's lovely scene
Is only a shadow thrown out on a screen.

Think of the stars we used to see,
Red-blooded heroes of might,
Now celluloid strips
Held in place with tin tips
That respond to the flicker of light.

Alas! all these stars from Olympus once seen
Are now only shadows thrown out on a screen.

L'ENVOI

No shouting, clapping, loud acclaim,
While tense he feels his heartstrings grip;
Approval now for stars is tame—
"Passed by the board of censorship."

New Use for Pies

Little Ethel ran breathlessly into the house and asked her mother for thirty cents.

"What do you want with thirty cents?" asked her mother.

"'Cause Tommy's got thirty cents, and he knows where we can get pies for ten cents apiece. So you see, mamma, if I get thirty cents, and he's got thirty cents, we can get six pies."

"Six pies!" the mother exclaimed. "Why, you children would be sick for a month if you were to eat six pies!"

"We don't want to eat 'em," Ethel explained. "We want to play Keystone comedy."



Change in the Measure

Cobb—When that actor was courting his wife, he used to give her a bushel of kisses in front of the camera.

Webb—Yes; now she receives a small measure.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Mary Pickford, as she appears for the first time in the role of an Italian, in the Famous Players Film Company's production, "Poor Little Peppina."



AMERICAN

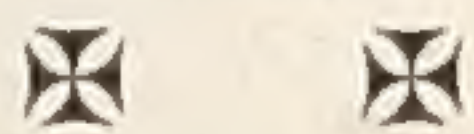
CLIFFORD CALLIS AS "KIDDO."

The Kidds are blessed with Kiddo, a precocious youngster, who relieves the monotony of the Kidd home by carelessly throwing about father's loaded revolver, yanking the plumes from mother's imported hat, breaking bric-a-brac, and other fascinating indoor activities.

friends, you know," began Miss Grant in her most severe tone.

"Oh, that don't make no difference," smilingly assured the shopgirl. "Most of my customers, they like to have me call them 'dearie.'"

Miss Grant helplessly bought the gown, as an excuse to get away. So if you see her in a fetching little velvet gown on a plum shade, you will know at once that it is her "dearie" gown.



Jimmie Thinks Moviegoers Heartless

Mrs. Hansen and her five-year old son, Jimmie, attended the movies Sunday night to see "The Lily of Poverty Flat," the final picture of which reveals a dying man. This picture impressed Jimmie considerably, and it must have set him to thinking seriously. They had attended the last performance, and everyone was leaving the movie house at the same time, and Jimmie had walked a few blocks with his mother, when he stopped abruptly and with a sad face looked up at his mother and asked, "Didn't nobody stay to that man's funeral?"



Snug Headquarters

A battle picture was being reeled off. Two Irishmen applauded a picture of the general.

"Phot would yez do if yez were a ginerel?" asked one.

"Phaix," was the answer, "Oi think Oi'd make me pillow me headquarters."

Did You Ever See a "Dearie" Gown?

Miss Valentine Grant, who starred in Olcott's Irish pictures as the little Irish lassie, saw a pretty gown in a little shop window not long ago and went in to look at it. Miss Grant is a nifty little dresser and cannot resist the lure of pretty frocks. She liked the gown, but not the salesgirl, who persisted in calling her "dearie."

"Looks elegant on you, dearie," urged the salesgirl for the fortieth time.

"That isn't necessary, you know," said Miss Grant, who can do some good work at freezing exuberance when needed.

"Oh," went on the breezy shopgirl, "don't you like to have me call you 'dearie'?"

"Well, we are not dear



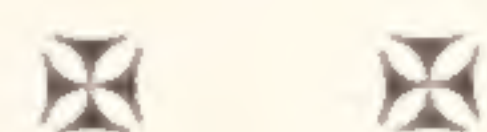
AMERICAN

"HANDS UP!"

Kiddo returns home after his brief runaway adventure and amuses himself by cutting up books and smashing lamps. He finds his father's revolver and holds up his frightened parents.

'screen' me from all trouble, to allow 'visions' of your former girls to 'fade' away, and to keep grinding away for me, and me only."

They clasped hands as "Good-night" was flashed.



Excellent Foundation

A very thin girl was shown on the screen.

One girl remarked to her friend, "That actress has the foundation for a very good figure."

"Yes, indeed," was the answer. "The 'framework' is excellent."



AMERICAN

Kiddus, a bachelor, goes out in search of a shave, while Kidd, the proud father, seeks a haircut. Meanwhile Kiddo disappears, and Kitty Kidd sallies forth in search of him. Kiddo, fired with the zeal of adventure, comes across Kiddus's auto and climbs in under the robe in the back seat. Kiddus emerges from the barber shop as Kitty Kidd comes wailing down the street, hunting for her Kiddo. Sympathetic Kiddus tries to comfort her, and thereby incurs the hostility of Kidd, who rushes from the tonsorial parlor in a state of semi-shampoo and ferociously attacks Kiddus with his storm stick. The diplomatic Kiddus pacifies the pair, and fired with ambition to aid the charming Kitty Kidd, he starts on a hunt for Kiddo.

Papa Must Pay for His Blessings Now

Billy was very fond of going to the movies, but his papa refused to give him the money to go as often as Billy desired. On this night Billy had teased his father so persistently that he was sent to bed after supper.

His mother took him to bed and stayed with him while he said his prayers. She was inwardly amused when her little son finished his prayer in this manner: "God bless mamma, and God bless papa—when he gives me a nickel for the pitcher show. Amen."



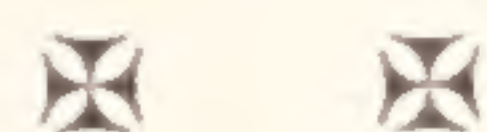
A Jitney Proposal

They were at the pictures. The youth, drawing a sigh from a great depth of feeling, remarked to his sweetheart, "Dearie, you are the 'star' of my life. Won't you allow me to play opposite to you until the 'reel' of life runs out?"

"Yes, my hero," she replied, "provided you promise me never to come home 'reeling,' to avoid all domestic 'scenes,' to

'screen' me from all trouble, to allow 'visions' of your former girls to 'fade' away, and to keep grinding away for me, and me only."

They clasped hands as "Good-night" was flashed.





MITTENTHAL

LENA VIOLA BROWN.

Miss Brown Likes Feathers

LENA VIOLA BROWN, with the Mittenenthal Studio at Yonkers, is an athletic girl and would rather spend her time skating, hunting or riding than in the shops. So she delegates this job to anyone she can hire, coax or bribe to do it.

"I wish we could wear feathers," she snapped disconsolately one day, after several hours spent in trying to decide which of three gowns to choose. "Now, if we could only have been provided with a nice coat of feathers, you know—black or blue or white, as we might choose—how grand it would be! Just brush down our feathers and be able to go anywhere in any kind of weather. Wouldn't that be grand?"

"It would," agreed her father, who is a great chum of Miss Brown's and who likes to be with her every spare moment. "Sure it would. But what on earth would you do, Lena, in the molting season? Wouldn't it sound rather odd if all the screen people were to call up the director on busy mornings and say, 'Sorry, but I won't be able to be down this morning; I'm molting'?"



KALEM

OLLIE KIRBY.

"Dad," said Miss Brown, "as a father you are a great success, but as a sympathizer you are not worth tuppence. And just for that, I'll take all three of the dresses."

✂ ✂

The Funniest Part of It Was that He Paid the Bill

HELENE ROSSON, of the American Company, keeps a comedy scrapbook of the funny things that happen around the studio.

"What's the funniest thing that has happened to you this week, Bill?" she asked a friend the other day.

The friend paused meditatively.

"Funniest thing I heard of this week was about the collector who tried to collect a bill from me yesterday," he said.

"What was funny about that?" she inquired.

"Why, he collected it," said her friend, in surprise.



AMERICAN

"The top of the morning to you," says Helene Rosson, of the American.

"Oof! Look Out for 'Ootsie!'"

IF YOU drop in to pay a friendly call on Miss Ollie Kirby, leading lady for Kalem, look out for her pet. He's all over the place, and the conversation will run something like this:

"Why, hello, there! Come in. Oh, don't sit down in that chair! You'll sit on Ootsie. There, now, you scared him out! Haven't seen you for a long— Look out there! Gracious! You nearly stepped on Ootsie! Have you seen me in 'Stinger' yet? I think it's the best thing I've— Oh, please don't lean against that cushion! You'll mash Ootsie."

You feel sure you are seeing things. You rub your eyes and blink stupidly and wonder if you have vertigo.

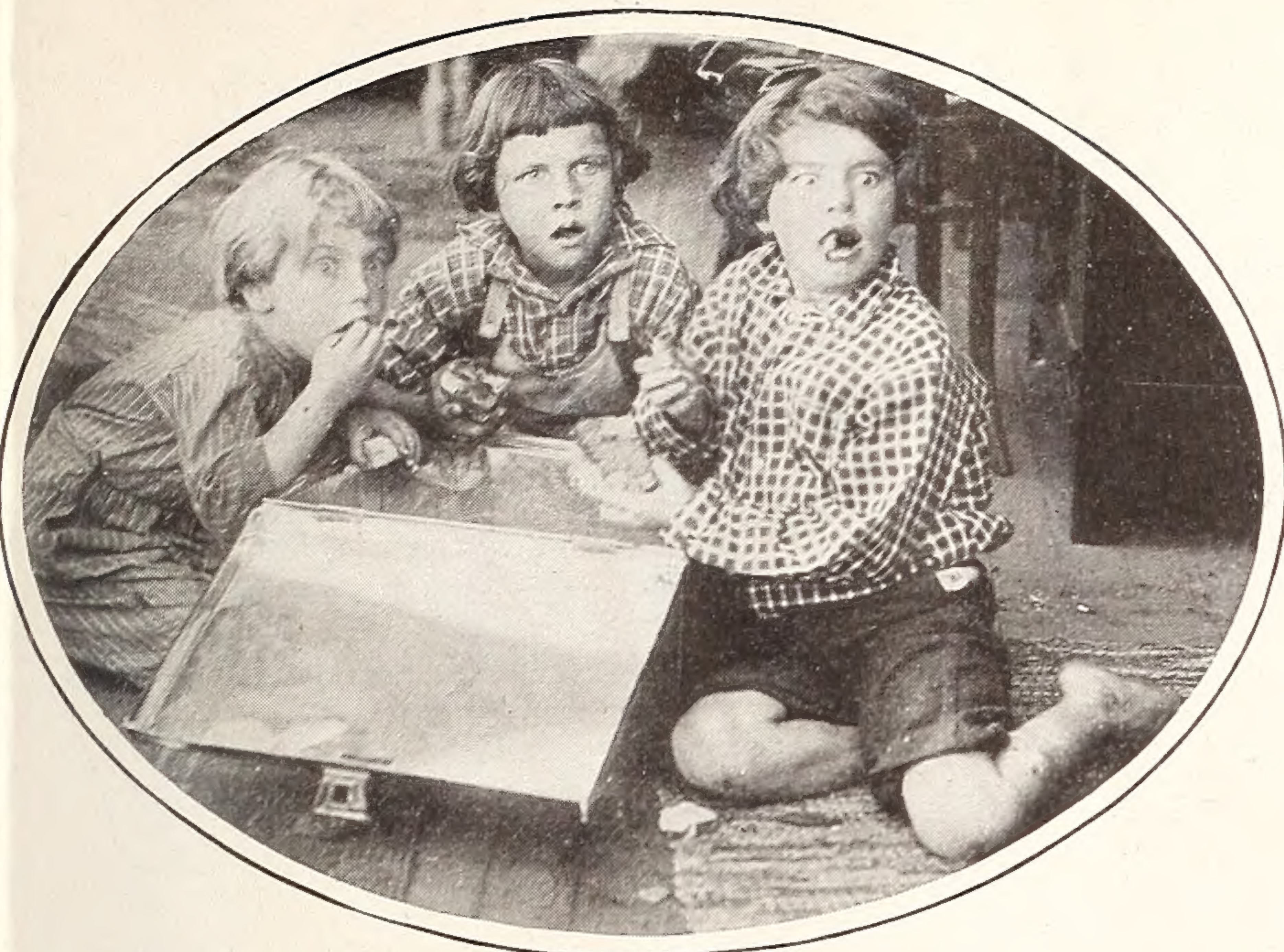
"Has it a regular name besides what you call it?" you ask timidly, eying it and wondering if there really is such an animal.

"It's a horned toad, silly," says Miss Kirby. "It's my mascot, and it never leaves my dressing-room."

And Ootsie blinks solemnly at you. He knows you are afraid of him.

"Let Katy Do It"

JANE GREY and Tully Marshal have put over a clever picture in the Triangle Fine Arts picture play, "Let Katy Do It," the scenario of which was written by Bernard McConville. Katy is the family drudge and takes care of the seven children of her selfish sister, Priscilla. When the parents of the children die, Katy supports them by teaching school and keeping house after school hours. In the meantime her lover goes to Mexico, where Fate later sends Katy and the seven children. Follow exciting battles with Mexicans.



TRIANGLE

SCENE FROM "LET KATY DO IT."

Priscilla's cherubs make a strategic attack on the cookie box, but are discovered by their Aunt Katy, who is the family drudge. Their doting mother describes them as angels, but they do not look the part.



TRIANGLE

Katy and the children arrive in Mexico. Her uncle is glad to see them, but her lover thinks there are too many children.



TRIANGLE

The "angels" like the jam and are prepared for a further foray in search of dainties on the top shelf of the pantry.



TRIANGLE

Jane Grey as Katy, teaching the seven nephews and nieces. These are the famous Triangle kiddies, Violet Radcliffe, George Stone, Carman de Rue, Francis Carpenter, Ninon Fovieri, Lloyd Pearl and Beulah Burns.



UNIVERSAL

"The dimples are mine!" insists Herbert Rawlinson.

"Just a minute, boys," smiled Hazel—and if you ever were close to that fetching little grin of hers, you know that trouble melts away in its glow like a snowball in the kitchen stove. "What's the use of fussing over a pair of dimples? Look at me. I haven't a pair of dimples to my name, but did you ever notice that little pair of twinkles I keep in the corner of my eyes?"

They noticed them.

"Now, Ray," went on Hazel, "you are just as handsome without dimples as Herb Rawlinson is with them. What's a pair of dimples between friends?"



EDISON

"Who wants your old dimples?" protests Ray McKee.

Those Dimples Again

HERE'S a pair of notable young screen actors who do look alike, don't they? The main distinguishing feature is a pair of dimples that have almost ruptured a friendship of long standing.

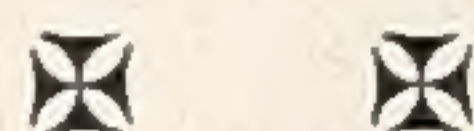
All because a perfectly good name strayed from its moorings and attached itself to a perfectly good pair of dimples in a recent number of FILM FUN. The dimples belonged to Herbert Rawlinson, of the Universal, and the name belonged to Ray McKee, and both of them declared themselves insulted at the combination.

"Haven't I troubles enough of my own," wailed Ray McKee, "without wishing Herb Rawlinson's Universal dimples on me?"

"What have I ever done to you," demands Rawlinson indignantly, "that you credit my cute little dimples to that Edison guy, Ray McKee?"

The tangle probably never would have been smoothed over if it had not been for Hazel Dawn, the clever Famous Players girl, who came back from St. Augustine, Fla., where Sid Olcott has been directing her in her new play, "My Lady In-cog," just in time to smile on the situation and keep everybody in a good humor.

So they smiled in unison for FILM FUN readers.

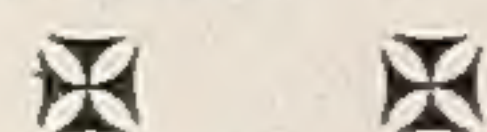


A Cast with Caste

Speaking of the fabulous salaries that some of the screen stars get—the amount

usually depends upon the versatile brain of the publicity director—here's a cast that aggregate incomes of about \$36,600 a day. They were not screen stars, either; but they could ask for a big salary 'most any time in the world of finance and be sure of getting it.

They were part of the cast in the Essanay production, "The Crimson Wing," a play dramatized from the book of the same title by Hobart Chatfield-Taylor, of Chicago, who is a social leader as well as a well-known writer. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor requisitioned enough of his wealthy friends to make up a few effective scenes, especially those that were filmed on the estates of Cyrus McCormack, Orville Babcock, James Ward Thorne, Scott Durand and Howard Shaw. The chauffeur in the play, who drives a high-powered automobile, is Edward F. Moore. All Edward Moore is is vice-president of the Rock Island, and the little old car he drives in the picture isn't a thing but his own \$14,000 machine. So you see there is some class to that cast.



Flim—Does she plunge into her work?

Flam—Yes; she's a diver for a film concern.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

"Why fuss about dimples?" smiles Hazel Dawn. "Did you ever notice that pair of twinkles in the corner of my eyes?"



FAMOUS PLAYERS

MARGUERITE CLARK, IN "MICE AND MEN."

Peggy shines the wash basin to see herself in it, to the awed amazement of her fellow-orphans in the Foundling's Home.

The Same Old Dilemma of Love and Duty

LITTLE Marguerite Clark and her company spent a happy time down in Savannah, Ga., while they were rehearsing for "Mice and Men," Madeleine Lucette Ryley's celebrated play. There is plenty of real Southern atmosphere in the picture. It is easy enough to film an occasional picture that has a Southern appeal; but to get the real old Georgian flavor, one must spend weeks in the place.

"Mice and Men" is distinctively of the Southland. Miss Clark, as Peggy, the breezy little orphan from the Foundling's Home, gives us another phase of her versatility. J. Searle Dawley, who directed the play, searched ceaselessly for the right effect to every bit of detail, and the scenes bring back fond memories to exiled Southerners when they look at the typical pillared house, the cook and the porches.

Peggy is a high-strung little soul, quivering with sincerity and naivete, from the vibrant moment when she, of all the little orphans in the Foundling's Home, is selected by the philosopher, who decides that he will train a wife to exactly suit him. To this end, therefore, he goes to the Foundling's Home to select a girl who has neither family nor friends to deter him from his scheme. Peggy, who has been the life of the home, faces her new life with somewhat perturbed sensations, but manages to be the same little Peggy through every step of her development from the drab little foundling cocoon to the accomplished and beautiful young society girl. But she meets the nephew of her philosopher, who is a trifle more to her taste than the stern, grave old scientist, who is face to face with the fact that he has gone to a lot of care to train a wife for his nephew, instead of himself.

There is plenty of quiet comedy in the play—close enough

to the pathos that brings a catch in your throat to make it all a real comedy should be, only a step from a tear. Miss Clark is at her best in this well-known play and has a good support in such well-known screen actors as Marshal Neilan, Clarence Handyside, Robert Conville and Charles Waldron.



Bad Man to Handle

Charlie Chaplin's pal was being choked black and blue during the showing of a "Night Out," when two rural citizens down in the first row became very interested.

"Gosh! he handles 'em ruff! Now watch him grab that other fellow!" said one.

"I'll be doggoned if he is! If he bothers with that fellow with the little mustache, he's flirtin' with death, 'cause I've seen him before, and say! he'll fight a circular saw if he gets real mad!" exclaimed the other.



Can He Fill 'Em?

The motion picture fan (watching Chaplin in "A Night in the Show")—Look! See how nice Chaplin looks when he is dressed up!

Friend—He looks grand. But say! I wonder what he did with the big pants and shoes.

Motion picture fan—I understand that he gave them to the camera man.

Friend—Whatja know 'bout that? Suppose he can film?



FAMOUS PLAYERS

SCENE FROM "MICE AND MEN."

Peggy has been adopted by a wealthy Southerner, to be trained to his liking as his wife, and she returns to the Foundling's Home to tell her friends all about the glories of her new home.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

"I ain't seen dat chile nowhars," says the old cook, when Peggy finds it somewhat difficult to adjust herself to the requirements of her new home.

Confessions with Coffee

By ELIZABETH SEARS



I MET three screen actresses the other afternoon, refreshing themselves in a modest little coffee room with coffee and waffles. They were of the type that has arrived, and can afford to be natural and indulge in their simple tastes for waffles.

"Now, don't ask us about the uplift of the screen," said the one with the moleskin toque. "If I had the working over of Mr. Webster's book on words, I'd rout out 'uplift' the first shot out of the box. Why, do you know what we were just discussing when you came in? We were discussing the greatest need of the successful screen actress."

"What is the greatest need of the successful screen actress?" I inquired amiably, ordering waffles with plenty of syrup.

The three glanced at each other sympathetically and despairingly.

"Closet room," they recited in chorus.

I buttered the waffles liberally, doused them with syrup, and waited. If you wait long enough, a woman will tell you everything and admire you with fierce envy for not questioning her.

"We have been looking for apartments," said the girl in the moleskin toque. "I just must have more closet room. My wardrobe problem is getting to be serious. I have trunk after trunk filled with clothes, and no place to put them. I do not dare put the trunks in storage, for one never knows just when one is going to need the garments of a certain year, period or style. Just as sure as you dispose of a gown or hat, your director is going to demand a scene of you next day in which you will need that identical garment. And so you go on accumulating and accumulating, until every trunk and clothes press and closet in the house is full of old stuff that you do not dare get rid of. Sometimes a scene must be retaken, and you'll lose your job if you dare try to substitute a gown, hat or even a pair of shoes."

"And then there's your street clothes," complained the girl in the nifty plum-colored velvet dress. "I'd greatly prefer wearing quiet street tailored suits of dark blue or brown; but, you see—well, it's like this. People judge you so in New York by your clothes. If you are not garbed right up to the minute, they mark you down as a failure. Lack of success

is the one crime they won't forgive you for in New York. If you simulate success, they'll believe it of you."

"I'll never forget how hard it was for me to learn that," smiled the third girl, hurrying on her new and immaculate white kid gloves. "Mercy me! in my first days as a screen actress, I was careful of my white gloves. I only had two pairs—one on my hands and one at the cleaners—and I would not have dreamed of slinging them around carelessly like this. When I came to New York, I had a modest coat and skirt suit and two or three nondescript garments that I called, in my innocence, shirtwaists. I call them 'blooses' now. And I went wearily from office to office, trying to get a job, without results, until a successful friend lent me a dashing blue taffeta one-piece gown, with a smart hat, and after a few minutes before her dressing table turned me out as a cleverly hand-painted work of art. The first place I visited that day yielded a job that was my stepping-stone to success. I hate to admit it, but it is true that a lot of our success depends upon our wardrobes."

"That wasn't the worst of those dreary marches from office to office, either," admitted the girl with the moleskin toque. "Since this seems to be a clearing house for confessions, I'll own up that what used to rile me the most was the way they gave us an appraising glance—just the same manner in which

a horse dealer examines a horse. They eye you impartially, ask you to get up and walk across the room, and measure up your feet and hands. You feel as if every slightest blemish had suddenly magnified into a mountain, and every wrinkle in your shoetop and every tiny break in a thread in your hose was wildly proclaiming itself to the world at large."

"Oh, my dear, you speak true words!" sighed the girl with the white gloves. "I lost myself a good job once by suddenly whirling around on my tormentors and asking if they wouldn't like to examine my teeth."

"I didn't know screen actresses ever had to look for jobs," I ventured. "I always understood that the managers fairly forced them to accept salaries of a million dollars a week, with bungalows and limousines and brocade-draped dressing-rooms."

The three young women looked at each other sadly and rose.

"Unconscious humor," they murmured. "Goodby, dear."



MUTUAL

Lady Eglantine is a white Leghorn hen, owned by A. G. Christian. This was her first experience before the motion picture camera. She is valued at \$100,000 by her owner.



CLOVER FILM CO.

One of her Admirers Three has taken advantage of the darkness to kiss Peggy, and she writes to each that she must refuse to see them again until the guilty one confesses. They all confess to the kiss.

Who Kissed Pretty Peggy?

IF YOU were a pretty girl with three admirers, who belonged to the same fraternity and called in sets of three, how could you choose between them?

If all three were calling on you and the lights flickered and went out, and one of them kissed you in the dark, how would you discover the guilty man?

This is the plot around which Lois Zellner has woven a sparkling comedy scenario, in which Ruth Shepley, a Broadway favorite, has the leading part. It is a comedy mystery in which an unclasped fraternity pin and a case of mumps prove to be the clue by which Peggy discovers the man who kissed her. There isn't a slow scene in the comedy. It gives one a laugh for every minute.

Lois Zellner, who is a well-known writer of dainty verses, some of which have appeared in *FILM FUN*, believes in the one-



CLOVER FILM CO.

"ADMIRERS THREE."

Peggy thinks it is only a sore throat, but the doctor pronounces it a case of mumps.



CLOVER FILM CO.

HEAVENS! IT IS THE MUMPS!

Ruth Shepley, as Peggy in Lois Zellner's clever comedy, "Admirers Three," surveys her swollen cheeks in dismay.

reel comedy, and although she has done much good work in drama, she likes best to write comedy.

"I write the drama and playlets for money," she confesses, "because they pay better; but I write the comedy scenarios for recreation. After I have seen a tragic film, with scene after scene of tense emotions, my shoulders ache with the strain of the close watching, and then I want to see a snappy little comedy with a good laugh in it, to take out of my mouth the taste of sin, death and drowning, such as the modern programs seem to delight in. Why film the horrible phases of life, anyway? We have plenty of them with us every day. When we pay money for an evening's entertainment, we want to be entertained, not depressed."

"Admirers Three" was directed by Charles Dixon, one of the late recruits from the stage.



CLOVER FILMS

"SO YOU ARE THE MAN WHO KISSED ME."

Roy Byron, as Cort Carter in "Admirers Three," proclaims himself the guilty man by coming down with the mumps, contracted the night when he slyly kissed Peggy in the dark. He is the man that Peggy loves best, and she is much pleased at the discovery.



"SILENT BILL" HADDOCK, THE DIRECTOR WHO NEVER USES A MEGAPHONE

The Man With the Voice

WILLIAM HADDOCK, director for the Gotham Film Company, has never used a megaphone in directing a picture. His voice is a natural megaphone. When he cups his hand around his mouth and roars forth a direction, everybody, from the camera man to the extras waiting out in front of the gate, hears every word he says. Haddock is a genius at directing. He's been picture making for eight years and is interested in little else, if you bar his love of yachting and his mania for joining every lodge that is organized. He gets his passwords all mixed up and hands out the wrong pass for the right lodge; but once the doorkeeper hears that Haddock voice booming out a request to get in, he just says, "Pass in, brother," and lets it go at that.



Early in the winter Mr. Haddock asked the loan of a lively pair of twins from a friend, to make a scene in a picture he was directing. The twins were new to the motion picture, and along about five o'clock, when every moment of light was precious, they tuned up for their evening repast. Haddock used every art he had to keep them in a pleasant frame of mind for the next scene that was coming right along, but he mistook the symptoms. No well-regulated twin will accept a rubber rattle when he knows it is bottle time. Haddock tried to find written directions for emergencies, but it took a female member of the company to suggest that he offer them their usual five-o'clock bottle instead.

"I hustled around for a bottle and fed those twins," confessed Haddock, when we asked him how the affair turned out, "and we got them smiling again just in time to catch those last few rays of good light. No, sir, I never ask an actor to do anything I would not have the courage to do myself—that's why I fed the twins. In my early days as a director, I once did order my actors to do something which to me looked very simple, but I found out differently when I made up my mind to go in and do the thing myself. We were putting on one of those early Edison comedies in the 'Casey' series. This one was called 'Casey and the Steam Roller.' Casey was at work on a street-paving job and was to be struck in the back by a steam roller and rolled out quite flat. This result was obtained by trick process, that of substituting a piece of heavy flat wrap-

ping paper cut out somewhat in the shape of a man, to be substituted by joining to the other film at the instant Casey was struck by the steam roller. Several of my actors refused to be bumped by the steam roller, and in anger I made up as Casey and went in to do the work myself. I know you will believe me when I tell you that I had to rehearse that scene twelve times before I could quit looking back to see when the steam roller was getting close enough. Once I had my coattails caught in the middle of the roller, which was slotted. I did twelve falls on the gravel, and when the scene was finally over, I spent some time picking gravel out of my hands. It was a more dangerous job than it appeared to be, and from that time on I never asked an actor to do anything risky without first putting myself in his place.

"I remember a funny incident in Savannah, Ga., which will serve to illustrate how a very small object can upset the best laid plans of the motion picture director and cost the company considerable money. We were down there doing a picture for Edison (this was before the days of censors), in which the story called for one man to shoot another over a game of cards. It is always customary for stage managers to shoot a pistol off once to test its working order. I tested the pistol with a bullet from a fresh box of cartridges, and it worked perfectly. Then the cameras began turning on the scene. I had a number of people engaged, and we were quite a distance away from the city. The scene worked up to its climax at which the shooting occurred. The pistol did not explode, and the scene was ruined. We tried it again, and once more the pistol did not explode. After three or four more failures on the part of the pistol, the situation grew desperate, because we were running out of film and it was too far back to Savannah for anyone to make a return trip for film before sundown. The worst part of the dilemma was that in looking over the box of cartridges we could not tell which were the good ones and which were bad. I loaded the revolver full of them and commenced to work the trigger. They were all bad. In fact, the only good cartridge was the one I had fired at first when I was testing out the pistol. And this goes to show how so small a thing as a box of bad cartridges can sometimes cost somebody several hundred dollars."



HADDOCK WAS TRYING TO KEEP THE TWINS QUIET FOR THE NEXT SCENE

Modern Beau to Modern Belle

I AM SADLY perplexed, I confess:
The vaudeville show, you are sure,
With its nude-ankled girls, is impure;
But you on the shore
will wear less—
A costume you're dainty
and trim in,
Too pretty and precious
to swim in;
And chaperons, mothers
and all
Are confessed by their
frocks at the ball.



You say the stage dance is indecent—
Your sweet smile sours as you view it;
But the maids dance alone who trip
through it.

But the women who romp in these recent
Mad revels rampant and chaotic,
Timed to every motion erotic
Of the native love dances, their hands
Clasp a partner—and he understands!

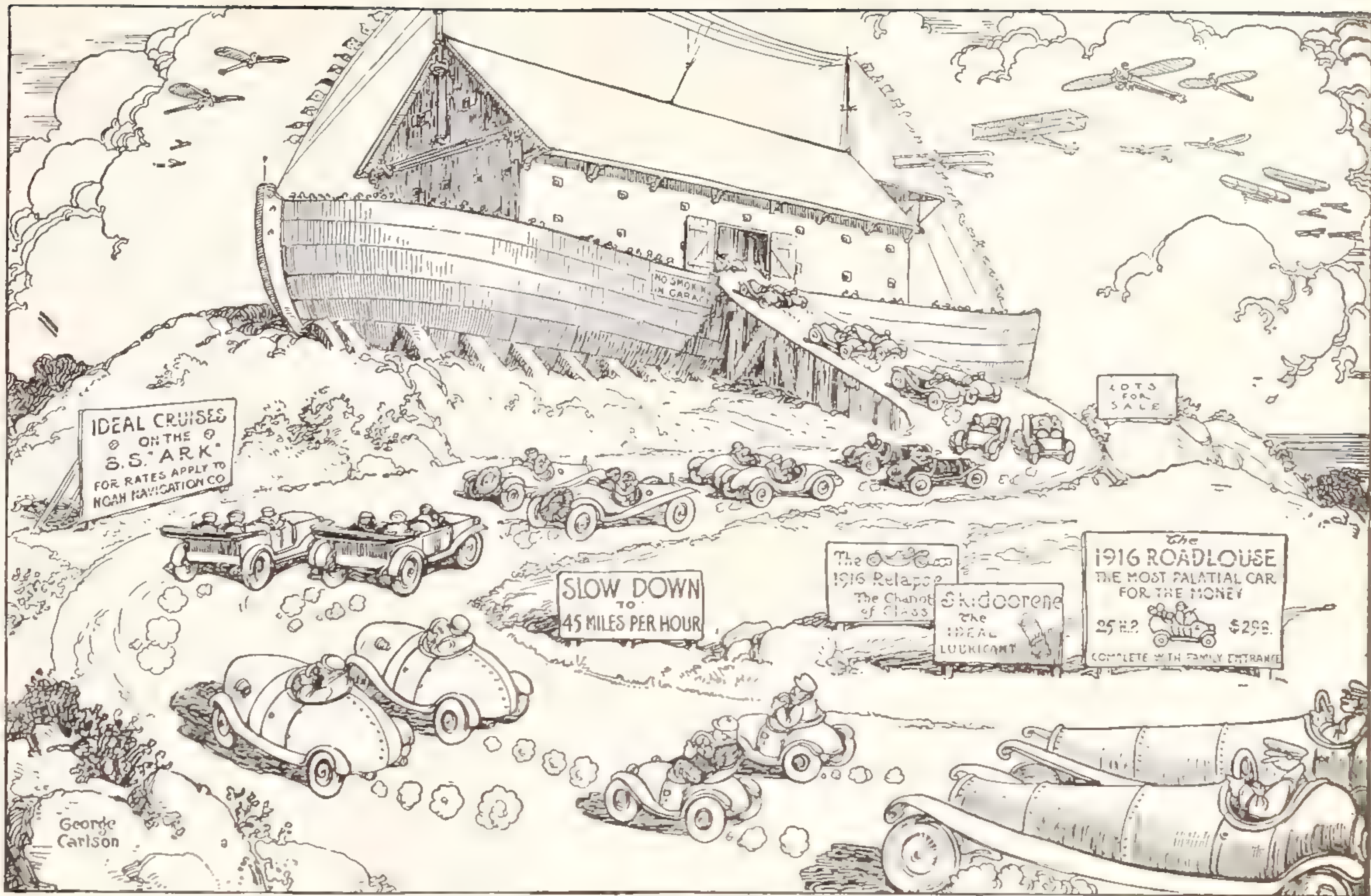
You sing me the popular airs—

If I said the things they recite
Or attempted the things they invite,
Your father would kick me downstairs.
And the ears need a wash of carbolic
That hear—yet you sing them in frolic,
And, of course, your young lips must be
clean;
But I wonder just what you can mean.

I'm afraid I'm behind in my part;

I'm your lover and not your censor.
But to be an innocent fencer
With the devil's a difficult art;
And to dress in sin's clothes just for show
Is a new thing. I'm awkward, I know.
Be patient and pardon me, pray,
If I sometimes forget it is play.

—Stokeley S. Fisher.



IF HISTORY SHOULD REPEAT ITSELF, AND NOAH'S ARK WERE TO BE USED TO-DAY

The Chief Problem Overcome

"I've taken the most important step toward building a fashionable apartment house."

"Let the contract, have you?"

"No. I've selected a fancy name for the building."

Two Classes of Art

"Works of art are divided," said the incurable punster, "into two classes: The chromos and the Corot-mos."

To Dan Cupid

DEAR DAN—Where are you nowadays?
We used to like your sportive ways,
When with your darts and little bow
You took pot-shots at high and low!

We even took it in good part
Though now and then a flying dart
Struck stinging home. 'Twas pleasant when
The tiny wound was healed again.

But now the arrows are so rare
That once seemed flying everywhere!
Perhaps you need to-day, my son,
A modern rapid-fire gun.

The times are changed. No longer slow,
Our youth are never still, you know.
So if you'd add hearts to your string,
You'll have to hit them on the wing!

But whether bow or gun you wield,
We hope to see you take the field,
For life is rather dull and gray
Without you and your sportive play.

When you your mother Venus see,
With kindly words remember me;
And while this mortal life endures,
I'll sign myself, sincerely yours.

—Tudor Jenks

His Strange Notion

"My nephew, Wadley Weams, has a queer theory," grumbled the old codger.
"He'll argue by the hour that by the exercise of kindness and patience a hired man can be tamed and domesticated, so that he will become of real assistance on the farm!"

All There

"She talks like a book."

"Yes, the volume of her speech is truly wonderful!"



"I think your husband dresses so nicely and quietly."
"Really? You should hear him when he loses a collar button!"



OLIVER MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY CO.

"If you expect to get that chicken farm, don't cackle too much," warns Jane, the maid, who has just married William, the butler. Miss Grace Greenwood is featured with Sidney Grant in this comedy, "Jane."

The Girl With the Girlish Laughter

MOST girls are sensitive when they are overly tall, with correspondingly long limbs; but Grace Greenwood is canny enough to make both laughter and capital out of her height. You will remember her as the vaudeville girl who wore an accordion-pleated skirt that seemed longer because the waist of it was up under her arms. She sang a song about retaining her girlish laughter, and as her act proceeded, she did windmill stunts with her arms and legs. As the fancy seized her, she waved them impartially over the

piano, the tables and chairs, or through the air. She has retained this art of poking fun at herself in the films, and incidentally she keeps her audiences in a roar of mirth.

She is artistically awkward. She does it so cleverly that she is practically graceful at it. As Jane, in the Morosco film comedy of that name, she is one of the very funniest girls on the winter screens. Jane is a practical housemaid in the establishment of a gay bachelor, and she is married secretly to William, the butler, with the proviso that the master must not know it, else he may discharge them. And the dream of Jane's life is to own a nice little chicken ranch, with chickens that lay real eggs. When Shackelton offers her \$500 to pose as his wife for a day, she is stunned, but not entirely dead to the fact that this sum of



OLIVER MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY CO.

SCENE FROM "JANE."

Shackelton, a gay bachelor, has told his wealthy uncle that he was married and must produce a wife and child to show uncle, who is coming to dine. He offers Jane, the maid, \$500 if she will pose as his wife for a day.



OLIVER MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY CO.

REHEARSING THE RECEPTION OF UNCLE.

Jane tries hard to register ease, and the endeavor to quickly acquire airs and graces almost bowls her over.

money would buy a chicken ranch.

Sidney Grant, who, as William, is somewhat dismayed at seeing his wedding day grabbed by his master, is silenced by his determined bride, who needs the money and who informs her subdued husband that what she says goes in that family. Mr. Grant is fully alive to his opportunities for effective work in this picture and makes the most of each one.

The picture made a deep impression on a petite young matron who viewed it the day before she charged into a Christmas shopping jam. Noticing a throng of wildly excited women surrounding a



OLIVER MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY CO.

Shackelton poses before his uncle as a young father, hoping for an increased allowance. He borrows the laundress's baby, but she becomes alarmed and demands its return.

table in the center of the store, she endeavored to get a glimpse of the bargains on sale. She hung around for ten minutes, and then gave it up as a bad job, for older and stronger females were ceaselessly milling about the table, making frantic grabs at whatever lay upon the table. The young matron sighed fervently.

"I'd give anything for Grace Greenwood's arms," she murmured. "She could just stand there and look right over those women and see what she wants, and then reach in and pick it off right before their eyes. What a boon it would be!"



OLIVER MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY COMPANY

Uncle Finds William Kissing His Nephew's Supposed Wife

UNCLE comes happily downstairs with a few toys for the baby and is stunned to find William ardently engaged in imprinting a bunch of warm kisses on the lips of his nephew's wife. He looks at her accusingly, and Jane blurts out the truth. "That is my real husband," she declares. "We were married this morning, and I am only playing as the master's

wife to deceive you." In the meantime, to add to complications, the laundress informs the police that the baby is being held, and events occur so swiftly and so conclusively that uncle is pretty fairly well stunned with the rapid transposition of the family affairs of his nephew. It ends in forgiveness and the marriage of Shackleton and Lucy, while Jane counts chicken money.



OLIVER MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY COMPANY

The Last Straw

DESPERATE at the tangle into which he has drawn himself and his household by his prevarications, young Shackleton throws himself on the mercy of his fiancée, Lucy Norton, whose father has ruled against him because of his wildness. She is persuaded to brave the parental wrath and to become his wife in a runaway marriage, when she discovers the baby and the

supposed wife. But Jane, who has the \$500 and visions of the chicken ranch it is to buy, cares little for the climax of the affairs of her bewildering wedding day, in which she has wedded William and posed as Shackleton's wife. Explanations are hastily made to Lucy, uncle is mollified, and William and Jane retire to the back stage to count the money.



L-KO
LEE MORAN, THEY SAY, ALWAYS ENJOYS HIS LOVEMAKING SCENES.
 "When Cupid Caught a Thief."



TRIANGLE
MADCAP PEGGY IS CAUGHT IN THE TOILS OF LOVE AT LAST.
 As the Scotch minister makes timid love to Billie Burke in "Peggy," one of her latest picture plays.



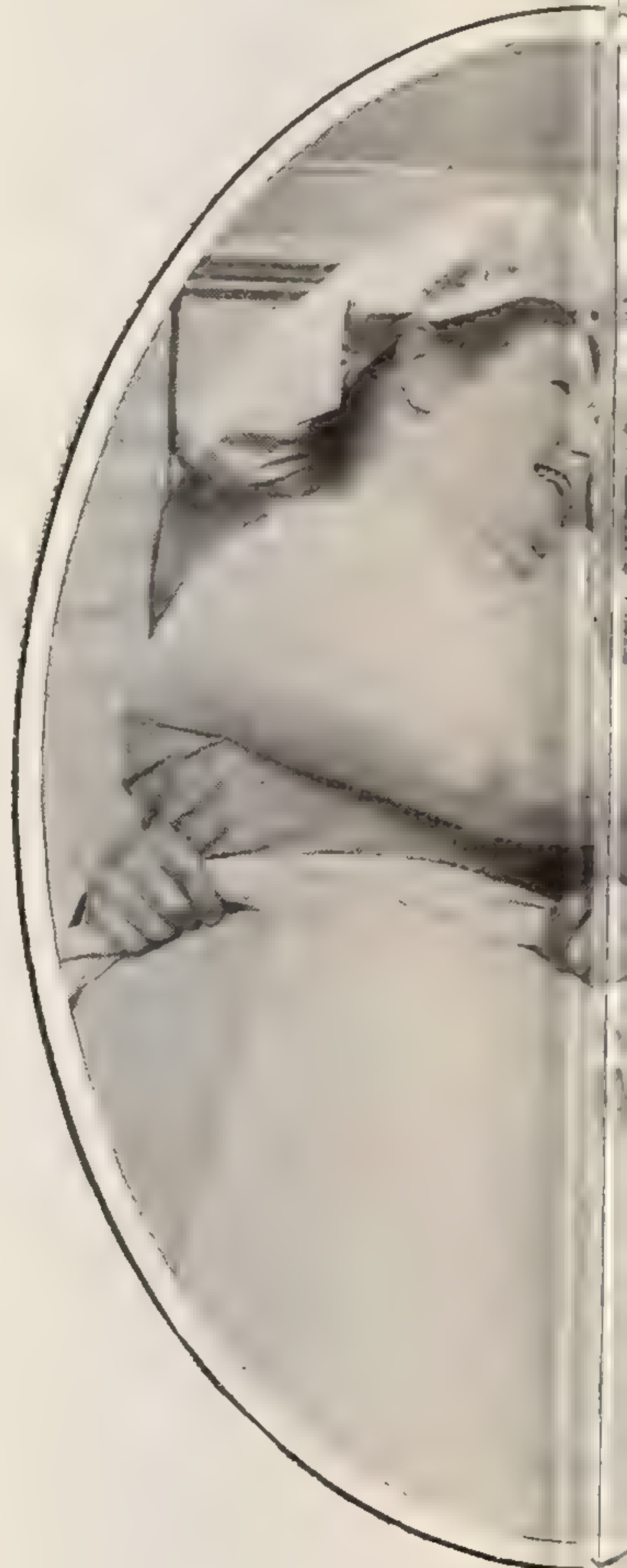
EDISON
THIS IS THE CLINCH T
 Scene from "Cartoon"



VITAGRAPH
FORTUNATELY FOR HIS PEACE OF MIND, LOVE IS BLIND.
 Frank Daniels in one of his best mediums, "Crooky."



V. L. S. E.
YOU CAN SEE THAT HIS HEART ISN'T IN IT; BUT HE NEEDS THE MONEY.
 Otis Harlan and Grace Darmond in "A Black Sheep."



EDISON
A CUTE LITTLE AFFAIR
 Ray McKee and Grace Morris in



LASKY-PARAMOUNT
"IT'S A CINCH," SAYS CHIMMIE.
 Victor Moore in "Chimmie Fadden Out West."



ESSANAY
DEVOTED ALWAYS BUT NEVER FERVENT IN HIS WOOING.
 Charlie Chaplin in "The Woman."



LASKY-PARAMOUNT
A REAL HEART
 The interpretation of Gerald
 "The Temptation"



IT MEANS BUSINESS.
in a Sanitarium."



FAMOUS PLAYERS
NOT MUCH PUNCH TO A KISS LIKE THIS, IS THERE?

Edward Dillon and Fay Tincher as the Muleteer and Dulcinea, in "Don Quixote."



KRITERION
OBSTACLES NEVER COUNT WHEN ONE IS REALLY IN LOVE, YOU KNOW.
"And Percy Made Good."



JOKER
A GAY OLD DUCK AND A PRETTY YOUNG GIRL.
Max Asher and Gale Henry in "Lemonade Aids Cupid."



AMERICAN BEAUTY
AGE MAKES NO DIFFERENCE IN COURTSHIP.
William Carroll and Lucille Ward as "Darby and Joan," in "Settled Out of Court."

FUL! ISN'T IT?
in "Santa Claus vs. Cupid."



THROB KISS.
Geraldine Farrar in
"ation."



CASINO STAR COMEDY
ANY OLD TIME CISSY FITZGERALD SIDESTEPS A COURTSHIP!



NESTOR COMEDY
NEVER TOO BUSY TO STOP FOR A KISS.
Billie Rhodes and Ray Galligher in
"Keeping it Dark."



ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE



When Charles Ray, the leading Inceville juvenile actor who did such splendid work in "The Coward," went off and was quietly married, he promised to send a picture of himself and the new Mrs. Charlie. Here is the result, and Charles swears it is NOT his fault.

A Martyr to the Cause



SHE DESERVES a better job than she has, this little motion picture girl who was hurrying to her apartment with an agonized look on her face. Some day, when she is a leading lady, we will print her name; but just now she says too much publicity would hurt her job rather than help her. It seems odd that too much publicity can retard success, but sometimes it does.

Anyway, she was hitting the high places from the Fort Lee ferry for a subway when she told the story, between hops.

"I mustn't complain," she pointed out, "because I might lose my job, and it is the first real good chance I've had in the pic-

tures. I'd have marched straight through those Canada thistles if it had killed me. Oh, my land, my poor ankles! Wait till I tell you the story.

"You know that scene in 'The Warning,'" she sighed, "where the spirits of the blessed are going up the hillside, while other spirits doomed to the realms of Hades are wearily wending their way down? Well, that was filmed right on the slopes of the Palisades above Fort Lee. Ugh-gh! but the chill, chill winds were whistling as we started on our dance up the pathway! Our robes were thin, and the cold was strong. But we shivered along, for some of us were extras, and it would have taken a herd of wild horses to have dragged a complaint from our blue and trembling lips.

"Airily dancing up a steep hill in the teeth of a norther is one thing, and invading the domestic peace of a regiment of Canada thistles is something else again. Fix in your mind the fact that we wore no hosiery. And set your teeth on the knowledge that if we sidestepped the thistles, we were out of camera bounds—and you know what that means. Talk about the early Christian martyrs! They hadn't a thing on us. We went

through those Canada thistles with many a yelp, but nary a limp."

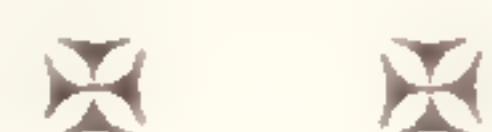
"But didn't you"—

"Please don't interrupt. We didn't. Not till we heard the welcome call of 'cut.' Then we did some dancing that was not down on the program. For how can I explain, unless you ever plunged into the bosom of Canada thistles yourself. Temporary committees on first aid to the wounded were formed right there, and if you were ever stung by a nettle, you know exactly why I intend to invest in the first taxi I see. My feet and ankles are simply—Taxi! Here! I'll give you an extra dollar if you get me home in ten minutes! Help!"

"Shucks!" protested an eager listener. "There isn't a Canada thistle on the Palisades. Now, what do you suppose that girl"—

"There are, too, Canada thistles on the Palisades," said a believer in the harrowing tale.

But, like Dr. Auchinbaugh's story of the two parrots who hung around a South American Catholic church so long that you had only to put a lighted candle in front of them to have them say mass, it's a good story, whether it's true or not.



Two-minute Interviews

"TELL me something funny, quick!" we begged of Cissy Fitzgerald. "What's the funniest thing that's happened to you this week?"

"A candy pull," said the charming Cissy. "I was brought up in England, you see, and I missed the joys of the American candy pull. We rehearsed a picture lately in which I had to pull candy. They let me cook it and test it, and then I rolled up my sleeves, buttered my hands and started in to pull it. Twenty pounds of it! And that's the grandest thing that's happened to me this week."



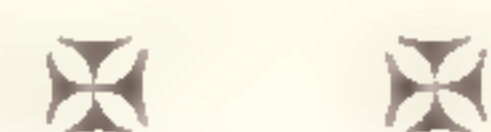
"What's the nicest occurrence for you?" we asked of Margaret Gibson, the pretty, dark-haired little ingenue with the Centaur people. "Quick, please! There is only five minutes left."

"I can tell it in two," promptly replied Miss Gibson. "They are going to star me and have some plays written especially for me. Could anything be nicer?"

Leah Baird was slipping away through a half-open door when we hailed her.

"What do you know that's funny?" we inquired.

"Nothing," she handed back; "but I was just thinking of something that is rather interesting. You know no screen actress can ever afford to take a day off for illness. On the stage, now, there are always understudies; but on the screen—never. If a leading woman decided to die when only two reels of a five-reel picture had been taken, the whole thing would have to be shelved in the morgue. That's why you never hear of screen actresses being ill."



Tempus Fugit

The scene showed the interior of a business office. The clock on the wall showed it to be twelve o'clock. Two men left for lunch. In the following picture the men were returning; in this case the clock was fixed for one.

A little boy said to his father, "Gee! I never knew an hour to go so fast in my life!"



Road hog—Blow your old horn, ding ye! I ain't goin' to turn out for no automobile!

Distinction

CAIUS and Titius were possessed of an equal thirst for distinction.

"I," declared Caius, "will write the Declaration of Independence on the back of a postage stamp."

"And I," declared Titius, determined not to be outdone, "will beat my wife's rugs without growling."

Now which, mes enfants, do you think achieved the really distinguished thing and which the merely outre?

Some Uprising

Tim—My wife and I have had a quarrel. You know she is getting frightfully stout, and last night I told her she looked like an inflated balloon.

Jim—Well, you can hardly blame her for going up in the air.

Complications

A porch swing in the lobby of a furniture store bore the sign, "Made in America."

Soon so many people gathered about the spot and began to laugh immoderately that one of the salesmen went out to investigate.

"What is the matter?" asked the store manager.

"A tramp is asleep in the swing," said the salesman, "and the sign is in his lap."

A Sanitary Drink

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And yet I feel constrained
To add a prophylactic thought:
Pray let thy glance be strained.

His Reason

"The reason I stick around the house, instead of going downtown, when my niece is entertaining the sewing circle," explained the old codger, "is not because I want to hear what the women say, but because I know they would say something I'd want to hear if I wasn't there."

Quality

Ancient maiden—
Does this parrot swear much?

Bird dealer—No, ma'am; but what swearin' he does is very loud and clear.



Yesterday—

SUNDAY MORNING



—To-day



SIGNAL FILM

SCENE FROM "THE GIRL AND THE GAME."

Jimmy Burke is only in one episode of the play, but he was the proudest boy in the universe when they took him on as an extra and let him do what he had always yearned to do—fool around a real engine with an oil can. The boy in the picture grows up to be a real engineer and marries a wealthy girl; but Jimmy doesn't care. Even if he is in only one part of the play, he knows that every kid on his street is green with envy when he sees that picture in the theaters.

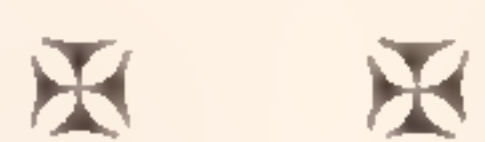
Not Seriously Interrupted

The consoling friend leaned toward the plump, crape-hung widow and her plump, crape-hung daughter. In a solemn whisper that contrasted deeply with the gay tune of the orchestra and the gay color of the preliminary announcements run on the screen, she sympathized,

"I suppose the death of a husband and father in the home makes a break in your lives that one who has not experienced it can never imagine."



"Well, it's an awful break, but not so bad as you might think. Nellie and me took turns taking care of him, and that way we only missed two nights of 'The Exploits of Elaine,' even counting the funeral."



A Rift in the Lute

The picture showed a second-story man climbing over a back fence with a bag of stolen property.

When he reached the other side the bag broke, scattering the contents on the ground.

Pat said to his friend, "Phot do yez call thot?"

"Phaix," was the answer, "thot is a moving picture of a rift in the loot."



The Kid Is Clever

In order to get a line on the past careers of its leading players, the World Film Corporation had a blank form printed and distributed about the Fort Lee Studios. The actors were requested to fill in the blanks with the information desired and return them to the office. Here is the way jocular Johnnie Hines, the irrepressible juvenile comedian, filled in his sheet:

NAME: John L. Hines.

WHERE BORN: In bed.

TOWNS IN WHICH YOU HAVE LIVED: New York City. Only existed elsewhere.

WHERE EDUCATED: Scranton Correspondence School.

WHAT CLUBS: Life member of "The Nut Club."

WHERE PLAYED IN STOCK: Don't play stock. Very few good actors do.

IN WHAT CITIES ARE YOU WELL KNOWN: Joliet, Auburn, Ossining, Atlanta—and Yonkers.

WHERE CAN WE USE YOUR NAME TO BEST ADVANTAGE: Churchill's and Jack's.

MARRIED OR SINGLE: Neutral.



POLISHING HIM

"Did Estelle marry beneath her?"

"Dear me, yes! She had to teach him tango, bridge and cigarettes!"



Quasi-quip

EVEN in business it is well to be fired with zeal—otherwise you may be fired with rapidity.

The devil will have his do.

People who rule the roost like to crow about it.

He who has a bee in his bonnet often gets stung.

Some people take bushels of pains to keep out of a peck of trouble.

People who do things by halves secure fractional results.

It's natural for a man to desire to stutter when he pronounces his own doom.

Conscience may make cowards of us all, but it's the gallery that makes a lot of heroes.

All's fair in love—yet you can't convince the wife of it when her husband's stenographer is an attractive brunette.

It's sheer nonsense to claim that Truth lies at the bottom of a well. Truth never lies.

—Don Bregenzner.

A Reservation

"Tell me, dearest—would you marry a spendthrift?"

"Surely—if he had the thrift."

Her Part

"She's fond of acting, isn't she?"

"Yes, indeed. She plays the mischief with a fellow!"

A Misplaced Compliment

She—I don't see Bennie Beanbrough with that pretty country girl any more.

He—No; in being too anxious to please her, he precipitated an estrangement.

She—How did he do that?

He—She is very much interested in painting.

She—So I understand.

He—Well, one day she took him to see some of her pictures on exhibition at the county fair.

She—Did he admire them?

He—He at least tried to pay the girl a compliment.

She—Indeed?

He—Yes. He said, "They all look like the work of Rubens," and she hasn't spoken to him since.

The Exception

He—The trouble with the average married woman is that she hasn't enough to do to keep her busy.

She—No, not unless she has married a man to reform him.

Not opportunity, but its use, is the test of a man.

Some Little Manager

"Is your son's wife a good manager?"

"Yes. She manages to make him jump whenever she gives him an order, which is more than I ever was able to do."



PAUL GOULD

YACHTING TERM: A FINE SPREAD OF CANVAS



TRIANGLE

Don Quixote Battles with the Windmill

POSSIBLY no scene in the Triangle picture version of "Don Quixote" brings such a hearty spasm of genuine mirth to the audience as the famous battle of Don Quixote with the windmills, while Rosinante, his valiant steed, waits patiently for her master's victory. They had a long search for Rosinante. Every time they discovered a horse whose framework came up to plans and specifications, De Wolf Hopper, who has devoted a lot of work and thought to being a personable Don Quixote in the picture, indignantly refused to submit his weight to any such fragile moorings. So they compromised. They gradually fed up Rosinante and trained down Don Quixote, until a medium was established.

A Long Stretch

Breathlessly they watched the hero of the political problem play as he scanned the tape from the ticker.

"What is that machine he is pulling the strip of paper out of?"

"Oh, the actual business deals take place in New York, and the market quotations must come from there."

"And you mean he gets all those prices on that from New York?"

"Sure."

"Well, you needn't try to make me believe that machine holds tape enough to reach from here to New York."

✕ ✕

Plenty of Color

Dilly—Did Gray go among the slums in search of "local color" for his scenario?

Dally—Yes; and he returned with a black eye and a red nose.

A Dime for a Nap

A stout woman and her three children were holding up the line at the box office.

"I can't help it, ma'am," the cashier was saying. "You'll have to pay ten cents for each of the children, or you can't go in."

"Now, wouldn't that make you mad?" said the stout woman, turning to the woman next to her. "This thing wants me to pay ten cents for each of the children to see the show, and they go to sleep just as soon as they get inside."

✕ ✕

Somebody Broke Off the Arms

The Venus de Milo was shown in a picture.

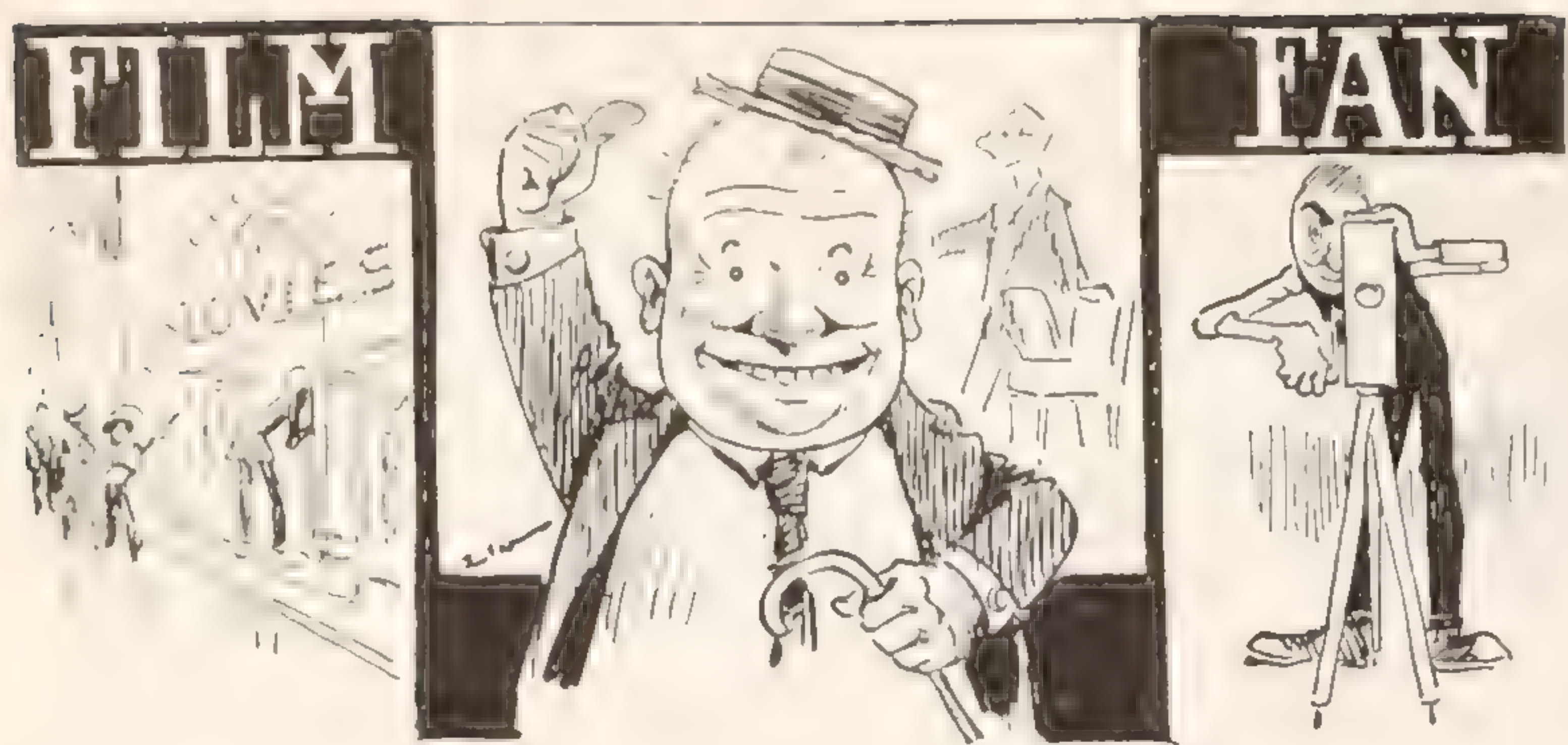
Miss Hibrow—Isn't that beautiful?

Miss Lobrow—Yes; but they must have a very careless domestic around.



VICTOR

Mary Butler, Glen White and Paul Panzer, in "The Heart of a Mermaid."



THERE are some plays so bad that they are almost good.

We have been led to believe that we were to get nothing but the best from the Triangle pictures, but "The Corner" is a species of cheap melodrama that has not had the popular appeal its author and producer hoped for. It was written by C. Gardner Sullivan, who knows better, and supervised by Ince, who can produce really good stuff and who has given the public some wonderful results of photographic direction, combined with a correct sense of the artistic, a large measure of genius, welded with good judgment. He has done it, mind; but not in "The Corner."

It seemed almost a pity to me, as I watched the show and listened to the grunts of disapproval all around me, that such a company as the Triangle, with the remarkable facilities at its command, should so cheapen its reputation by offering this jumble of shoddy claptrap to its audiences.

Aside from its palpable endeavor to incite sympathy for a common thief and murderer, it serves no purpose save to make one wish that George Fawcett had had a better vehicle for his very commendable portrayal of a difficult character. Willard Mack was not at all at ease in his conception of a poor engineer, and Clara Williams, who played the wife of the engineer, has a quaint little upward curl to her lips that prevents her from looking as pathetic as one might expect the erring mother of starving children to be.

Here's the story: John Adams, an engineer, loses his job. Then he loses his savings account of \$900, because the savings bank in which it was "stashed" called in its quick loans. Ordinarily savings banks are not permitted to make "quick loans," but for the purposes of the story the author allowed his savings bank to get above the law. If it comes to a choice of sob stuff and the law, cut out the law. For what is melodrama without its sob squad?

David Waltham, a wealthy man, endeavors to corner the food market on top of all this. He seems to corner a soup supply, according to the reading matter on the boxes. Adams then pulls off a wise stunt by stealing three Vienna loaves in plain sight of the assembled multitude. Even the policeman would notice something queer about a breathless and hatless man madly charging down the center of a public street, with three shrinking Vienna loaves clasped to his bosom. This gets him sixty days in jail; but how could the author drag in the sob stuff otherwise?

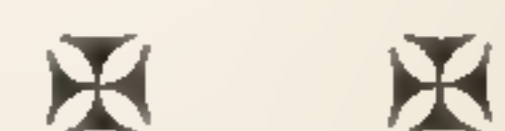
The wife and little ones must starve dramatically. They do. The golden-haired little ones, even after a long, hard day in the slums, assemble for supper with curls shining and every hair in place and tied back with expensive ribbons. Not a hint of slum dirt mars their appearance. The wife tries washing. She is a poor laundress, according to her own showing. She washes out an undershirt as she would a leaf of spinach, and leaves the baby to finish the job while she undertakes to stick

the colored clothes in the boiler. Every laundress knows that you don't boil colored clothes. No, sir. She was a bum washer, and it was no wonder she lost her job.

From the wash tub we see her arrayed in a highly checkered silk dress, starting out on an equally highly checkered career. Also she hasn't the best taste in hats. Even wicked rental agents do not require two floating yards of willow plumes any more. And while she is dining out with said wicked rental agent and copping his roll when he is in his cups, honest but misguided John gets loose and goes home. Well may you shudder. And that is just what happens. Wife comes home late with her glad rags and a good-sized roll, and we have the big scene.

John decides to get a job, and gets one in the warehouse of Waltham, the man who must be wicked because he has money. He entices the capitalist into the warehouse late at night, on the assumption that all rich men are so wickedly trustful that they will take such a trip alone late at night on the mere word of a stranger on the 'phone. Waltham is bound and left to starve in the midst of soup. All of the boxes, by common consent, tumble down on the rich man, and the engineer, who must be honest because he is poor, goes home to a late supper.

The greatest strength of such enduring pictures as "The Birth of a Nation," David Griffith's masterpiece, lies in the fact that they indicate a conscientious adherence to realistic detail. In "The Corner" there is not the slightest indication that any attention was paid to either realism or detail. The Triangle, it was hoped, would put both comedy and the drama of the films on a higher and more enduring standard. It seems a pity to see it fall so lamentably beneath its own standard.



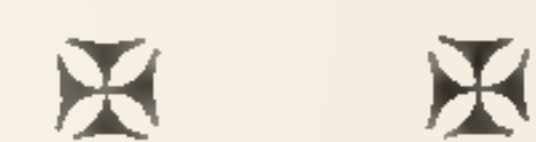
J'ever meet Betty Shannon, the world renowned publicity girl from the west? Betty always has a new story, and here's one she handed out the other day at lunch, only she admits it is hearsay and she won't vouch for it.

"All right," grinned Betty. "Hear about the big wrestler that the little wrestler downed the other night? The big chap had tossed everybody to the mat, and the little wrestler, who always wears a mask and will not reveal his identity, suddenly surprised his friends by offering to take on the big fellow for a friendly round. He took him on and threw him within five minutes, and no one but me knows the secret."

"Tell me," I begged. "Come on, Betty. I'll never tell."

"Well, sir," said Betty, "you must promise cross your heart you'll never tell, for I wouldn't have it get out for the world. But the little fellow found out that the big chap was ticklish, and in the first grab he managed to tickle him in the ribs so deftly that he got the big chap's goat, and he went to the mat. Isn't that the funniest thing you ever heard?" And the young lady marched off down the avenue as smartly as if she had not just told me a most astounding story.

Maybe it's true, though. You never know.



Some of the greatest motion picture fans in the world are to be found in Australia. Sidney has seventy-five picture houses with its population of 700,000. These picture houses charge all the way from ten to sixty cents admission and give the best variety of films. They are Chaplin-mad and will fill the picture houses on a night when a Chaplin film is advertised. The picture houses are closed on Sunday nights, but on every other night in the week they play to capacity.

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Why Take Less Than Your Full Share of Life and Pleasure? Are you living a full and successful life? Why not always be at your best?—thoroughly well, energetic? **Why not invest in yourself** and make the most of your every opportunity? It is easy when you know how. The Swoboda System points the way. It requires no drugs, no appliances, no dieting, no study, no loss of time, no special bathing; there is nothing to worry you. It gives ideal mental and physical conditions without inconvenience or trouble.

THE SUCCESSFUL AND ENJOYABLE LIFE

Your living, enjoying and earning power depends entirely upon your energy, health, vitality, memory and will power. The Swoboda System can make you tireless, improve your memory, intensify your will power, and make you physically just as you ought to be. I promise it.

NOT SELF-CONSERVATION, BUT SELF-EVOLUTION

Early To Bed and Early To Rise may have at one time made man healthy, wealthy and wise, but now, it is otherwise. Today, early to bed and early to rise and regularity of habits gives a man high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries, and makes him mentally narrow, irritable and too ready to criticise—premature old age and early demise.

Nowadays, as in truth always, if a man desires to be healthy, wealthy and wise he must evolutionize.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY:

"Conscious Evolution has done all for me that you promised and I am simply radiating good health. I can hardly believe it myself, it has made such a great change in me. I am in better condition than I have been for twenty years and am chuck full of energy and ambition. Tasks that were a burden to me in the past are now easy and a pleasure. I have no money to burn or throw to the birds, but if you were to offer me one thousand dollars in good hard cash and put me back where I was before beginning your system, I would say, 'Nothing doing.' I enjoy the work you have mapped out for me and am impatient to get at it."

"I shall be sixty-six years old next August and if you were to see me right now you would say, 'forty,' and, as a fact, I am better, stronger, and have more energy than the average man at forty. I have only you and your system to thank for these things, and I want to thank you from the very bottom of a grateful heart for what you have done for me. I am a man now in every sense of the word, whereas I was only a fraction of a man and a small fraction before profiting thru Conscious Evolution."

"The strangest part of it all is that my hearing is greatly improved. The muscles of my shoulders, back and abdomen are immense, and I have forgotten that I have a liver, kidneys, heart or any other organs, except my stomach, which makes a loud call three times a day. I have lost all desire for stimulants."

"One year ago I was an old man of forty; today I am a youth at forty-one."

"I must state that the principle of your system is the most scientific, and at the same time the simplest I have ever heard. You do not misrepresent one single word in your advertising."

"When I tell some of my friends how quickly I was benefited by Conscious Evolution, they do not believe me. They think I exaggerate."

"I feel that I must express once more my sincerest and warmest appreciation of the benefit you have given me. Had anyone told me that I could possess such fine quality of body and such development as I do at present, after nine weeks of Conscious Evolution, I would have said that they were raving mad. You have proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that you can do everything you say; in fact, I believe you really do more than you promise. Results have been so startling in my case that I feel that I have been born again. At the time of writing I feel full of life, energy and ambition. My body has assumed a most graceful shape of which I am more than proud and thank the day that I ever heard of you. I could write you a whole lot about your Conscious Evolution, I feel so thankful. There is no better value on God's earth than what you offer, and anyone who doubts your statements must be indeed more than skeptical. I would consider it an honor to have you use my letters in every way you think fit."



Men and
Women of
All Ages
Profit
Through
Conscious
Evolution

Why Become Prematurely Old in Whole or in Part?

Age in Years and Age in Body are not Identical.

Ponce de Leon's Fountain of Youth Died With Him. Your fountain of youth will die with you. Each man's fountain of youth is within himself. Through Conscious Evolution only can you drink to the full of the fountain of youth.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY:

"I am seventy-one years of age, and in three weeks your system has apparently made a new man of me. I am so enthusiastic over Conscious Evolution that it is difficult for me to control myself, and not do more than you say. I want to thank you for the interest you are taking in my case. When I wrote you for your instructions I was in a very desperate condition. I have never been sorry for one minute that I have written you. On the contrary, I want to thank you for what you are doing for me. I am getting along fine; I am a wonder to myself. It does not seem possible that there could be such a change in any one in such a short time."



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Film Fun tells you about the *laughs that never reach the screen.*

Striking pictures of the big features soon to be produced and intimate gos-



sip of the profession told by the actors and actresses "between reels" bring the making of a movie right down to your own door.

If you want to become acquainted with the heroes and heroines you see on the film you can meet them, "at home" informally, in Film Fun.

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Lottie Pickford
Francis X. Bushman
Richard C. Travers
G. N. Anderson
Kathlyn Williams

Flora Finch
Blanche Sweet
Dustin Farnum
Warren Kerrigan
Francis Ford
Grace Cunard
Billie Ritchie
King Baggot

Jane Gail
Mary Fuller
Marguerite Clayton
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"The Art of the Moving Pictures"

Vachel Lindsay has written a book on motion pictures, called "The Art of the Moving Pictures." It is one of the first to be written in appreciation of the motion picture. His purpose is to show how to classify and judge the better films. The volume closes with some sociological observations on the conquest of the motion picture, which he regards as revolutionary as was the invention of printing. Published by the Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.25.



Dench, on "Making the Movies"

"Making the Movies" is one of the new books on motion pictures and was written by Ernest Dench. It gives much interesting and detailed information on the method of making films, putting on photo plays, and taking films under the water. As Mr. Dench knows the motion picture business thoroughly from the inside, he has been able to give a graphic description of the making of films. Published by the Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.25.



A Bit of Talk

Miss Marguerite Snow was in the Rolfe-Metro Studio, where she is at work on the stellar role in "The Upstart," a five-part Metro feature, when a uniformed boy from the office came in singing her name.

"Wanted on the 'phone, Miss Snow," he said.

"See who wants me," she said.

The boy nonchalantly informed her that her husband was calling.

"Oh, that cannot be!" returned Miss Snow. "He is working in California."

But it was so. Miss Snow had a little difficulty in hearing Mr. Cruze's words at first, but they soon fell into about thirty dollars' worth of small talk and gossip.



His Best Man

The motion picture director was explaining the making of a photoplay to his best girl, who had hopes of definite remarks.

"You see," he said, "that chap over there with the straw hat is new to the staff, but he is a very good actor. I expect to see him our best man in the near future."

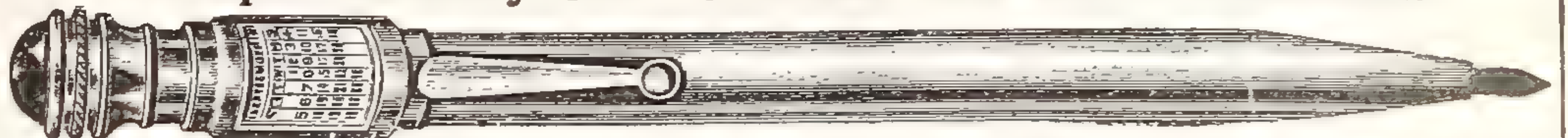
"Oh, dearie!" whispered the blushing girl. "This is so sudden!"



Kriss—Is your wife nearsighted?

Kross—Yes; she has to get a "close up" view of everything.

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The neatest, catchiest, most useful pencil ever devised. The clip contains dainty interchangeable annual calendars. An ideal pocket accessory for any business or professional person. It makes a splendid present, prize or souvenir for your friends or customers. Sample (by mail), highly nickel plated, 25¢ each. Heavy sterling silver, \$1.50 each. Fully guaranteed. Write for special quantity quotation. **ADVERTISERS:** Your ad can be effectively imprinted on the metal. **BIG INDUCEMENTS FOR AGENTS.**
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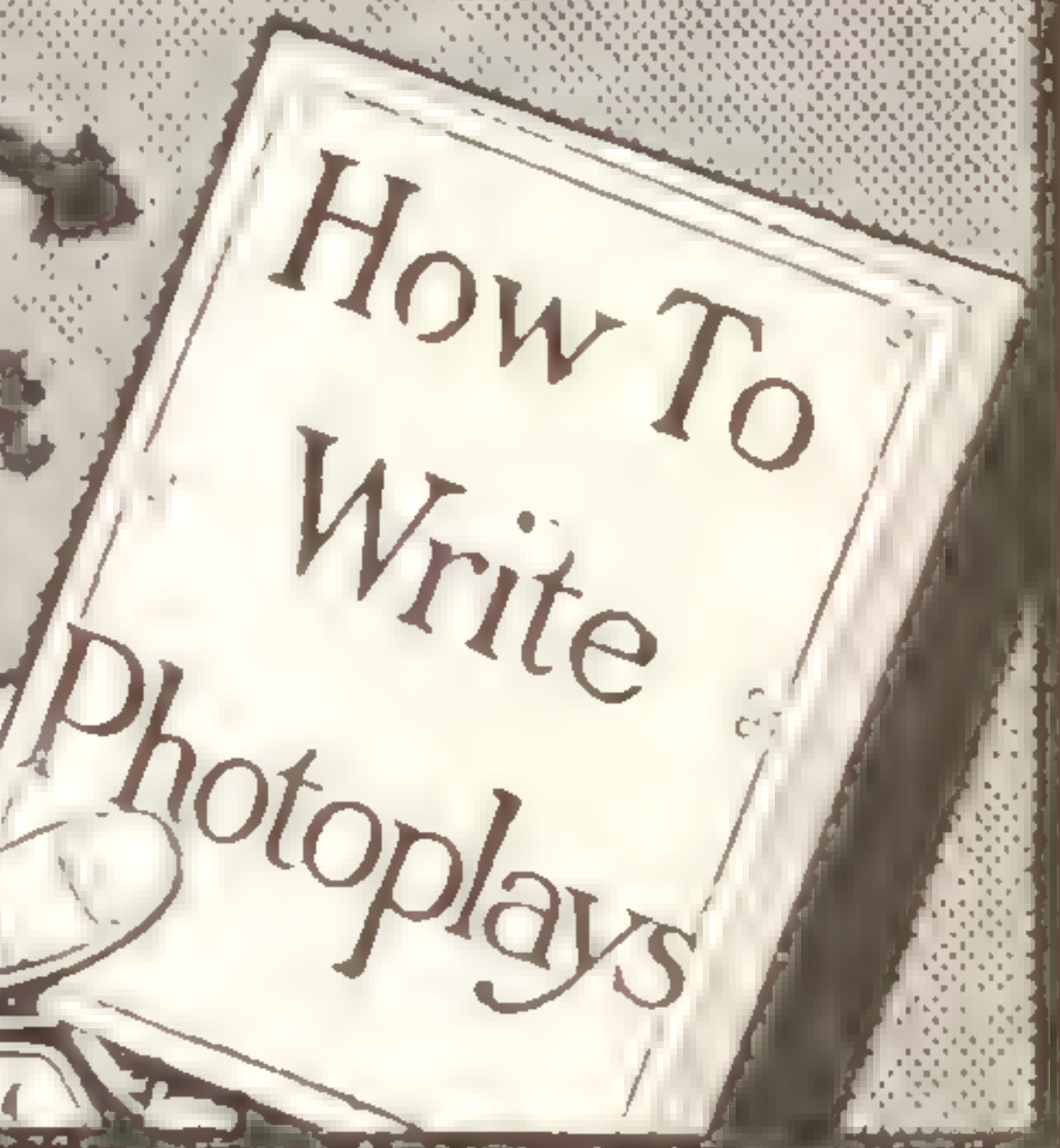
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293 Spring St., Portland, Me.
Mfrs. Burrowes Rustless Insect Screens, Cedar Chests and Folding Card Tables.

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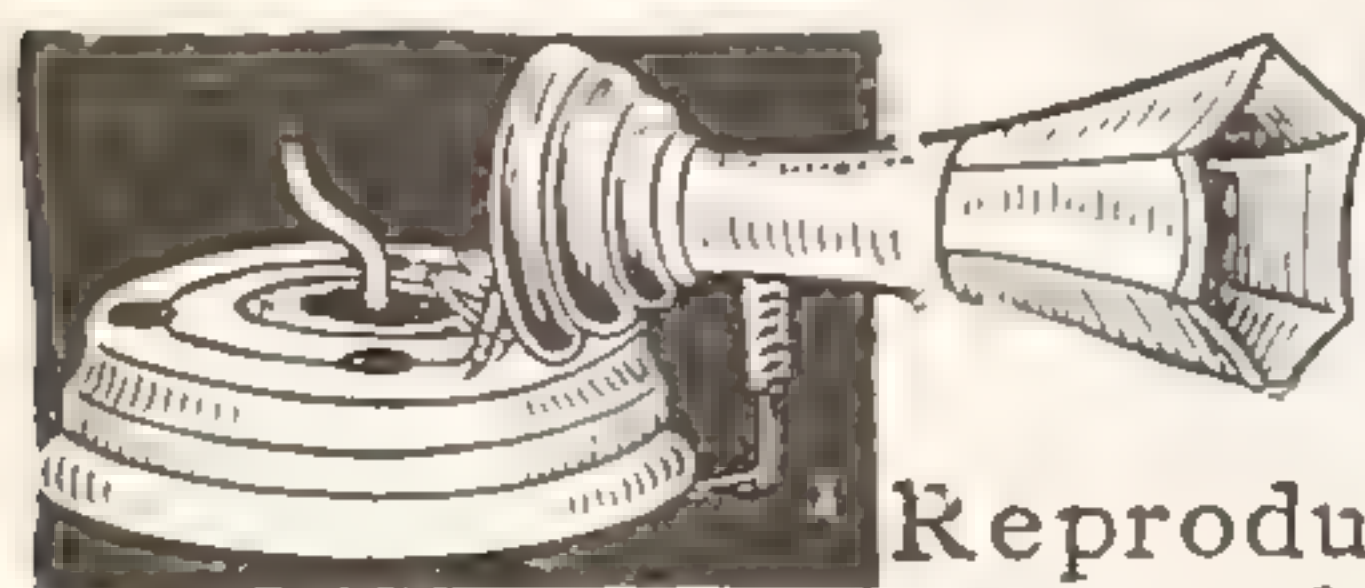
"BATH HOUSE 23" "KEEP OUT"

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Bath house in wood veneer with swinging door and brass fastener; size 5x8 inches; with the door open you see a beautiful, hand colored picture of an Ostend bathing girl. Comes boxed, prepaid, for 25c to introduce our new catalog of Pictures for The Den, "all winners!" Catalog alone 10c. Stamps accepted.



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On the Bounce

Chaplin usually enjoys a joke, but in one of his rehearsals, when a comedian with the most worthy intent thought he ought to bounce, Chaplin did the bouncing himself. The fall was from a high wall, and the comedian stationed below was to catch him in his arms. When Chaplin fell, the comedian stood one side with a serious air, and Chaplin picked himself up from the ground and inquired in choice selections from several foreign languages why he had not been caught. The comedian was much puzzled.

"I thought we would get a much funnier effect there if I caught you on the bounce," he explained.

"So we will," announced Chaplin quietly. "I bounce you right now from this company."



Harold's Ambition

Young Harold, who had just returned from the motion pictures and was very joyful over having learned the name of one of the actors, began his evening prayer:

"Oh, Lord, I know that I have been a bad boy, 'cause I ain't said my prayers for two nights; but, you know, I was so sleepy that I couldn't say them, 'cause I went to the picture show both times.

"Now, Lord, I will not be a bad boy no more if you will let me grow up and be a funny man and have a mustache like Mr. Chaplin's. Amen."



The Explanation

Mr. and Mrs. Smith were attending a picture show. A lady seated directly behind them kindly explained the pictures at great length and with much distinctness. Finally the explanations ceased, and Mr. Smith turned around.

"Did the talking machine run down?" he asked.

"No," wearily replied a man who had sat beside her. "She went home."



A Discord

The motion picture actor had made an unsuccessful attempt to secure an advance from the manager.

"Did you try to play upon his sympathies?" asked a friend.

"Yes; but I couldn't get a note out of him."



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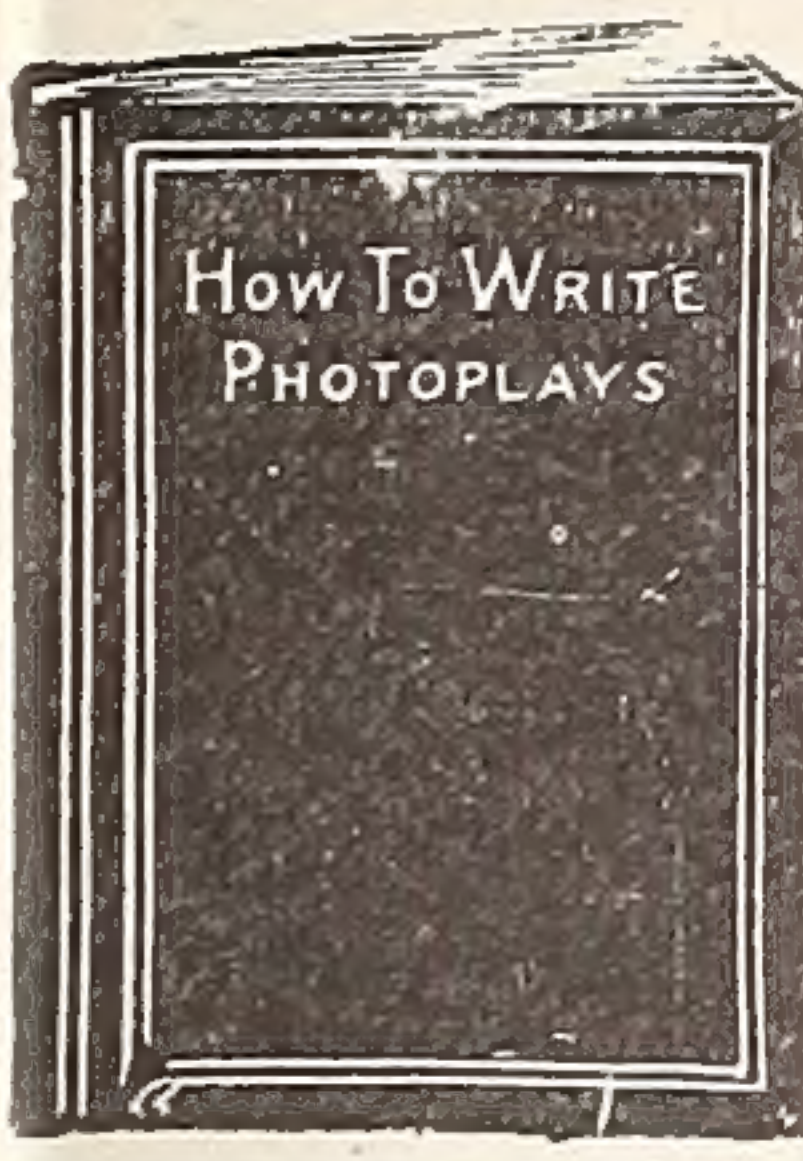
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Winter Health Bulletin

J U D G E

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Who's Who and Where

Hughie Mack, the Vitagraph fat and funny actor, used to be an undertaker, so they say. But he was too jovial for such sad work, so he took to making people laugh at his screen comedies and lays 'em out far more satisfactorily.

Walter W. Irwin worked at the attorney's trade and made a good living at it, until they persuaded him that they needed some legal balance in the motion picture business. Then he became general manager of the V-L-S-E, and became so interested in his new work that he has never regretted dropping a good law practice to take up motion picture work.

Douglas Fairbanks was a messenger boy for a Wall Street firm when he decided to become an actor. He was walking through Trinity churchyard when he arrived at this decision and left his companion messenger boy to his fate and his job. Fairbanks was a good messenger boy. He is also a good actor. Sometimes he goes back to Wall Street now to look for investments for his money.

James Young, whose specialty is comedy direction, headed his own company with a Shakespearean repertoire when he was only eighteen. Jimmy's best stunt was to give talks on Hamlet at colleges and have all the pretty girls hanging breathlessly on every word that dropped from his lips and crowding around afterward to offer him tea.

Johnnie Hines, the comedian, is an expert ice skater and hockey player. Now that the craze for ice skating has spread throughout New York City, Johnnie spends most of his spare time cutting "figure eights" and "spread eagles" on the glittering surfaces of the fashionable rinks.

Stella Razeto (Mrs. Ed J. Le Saint) says that they must buy a new automobile to match their new home. Le Saint thinks that perhaps they had better get a small home to match the present auto. It is Wall Street to a china orange that the lady wins out.

Doris Margaret Kenyon, one of the World Film Corporation's leading players, has developed a passion for knitting. More than fifty pairs of socks and half a dozen big mufflers have been dropped from the flying points of her knitting needles in the past year. She is now

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knitting a khaki-colored sweater for a young man at present driving an ambulance in France, and at the mention of whose name Miss Kenyon blushes perceptibly.

George Beban, the film star who made such a profound impression in "An Alien," is a redhot baseball fan. During the summer he howls himself hoarse at almost every big ball game at the Polo Grounds in New York, and when vacationing at the seashore invariably organizes a team.

Charles Giblin, the Inceville director, states that he knows his name is an unusual one, and he would be ever so much obliged to the scribes if they would be good enough to keep it to Giblin and NOT Giblets. There have been two slips this way in the last few weeks, and he says it sounds too much like an operation.

Twenty-seven changes of costume in one feature photoplay is what May Allison has in the five-reel American picture, "The Sorry Scheme of Things." Miss Allison admits that she wears about everything from an expensive fur coat to a nightie in this picture.

George Holt, who is with Rollin S. Sturgeon in Bear Valley, became so attached to the blue-eyed and gigantic Siberian wolf-dog Kolma that he tried to buy the animal. The owner smiled and named a king's ransom. Holt has decided that it will be cheaper to purchase a toy spaniel or a Boston bull pup.

Edna Maison has asked several of the newspaper men NOT to state that she is kind-hearted. She says that since some kind scribe wrote words to that effect, she has been deluged with requests from charitable societies and from poor people. She says she could easily give away her salary twice over if she answered a tenth of the requests.

Jackie Saunders, "the Maude Adams of the Screen," got her chance in pictures by bluffing. When she decided to go in for the silent drama and applied for an engagement, she claimed to be experienced. The result was that she was put "right up against the guns." In fear and trembling for her misrepresentation, she faced the camera and—made good. You have only to see her in a single Balboa feature to realize that Miss Saunders is a born picture actress.


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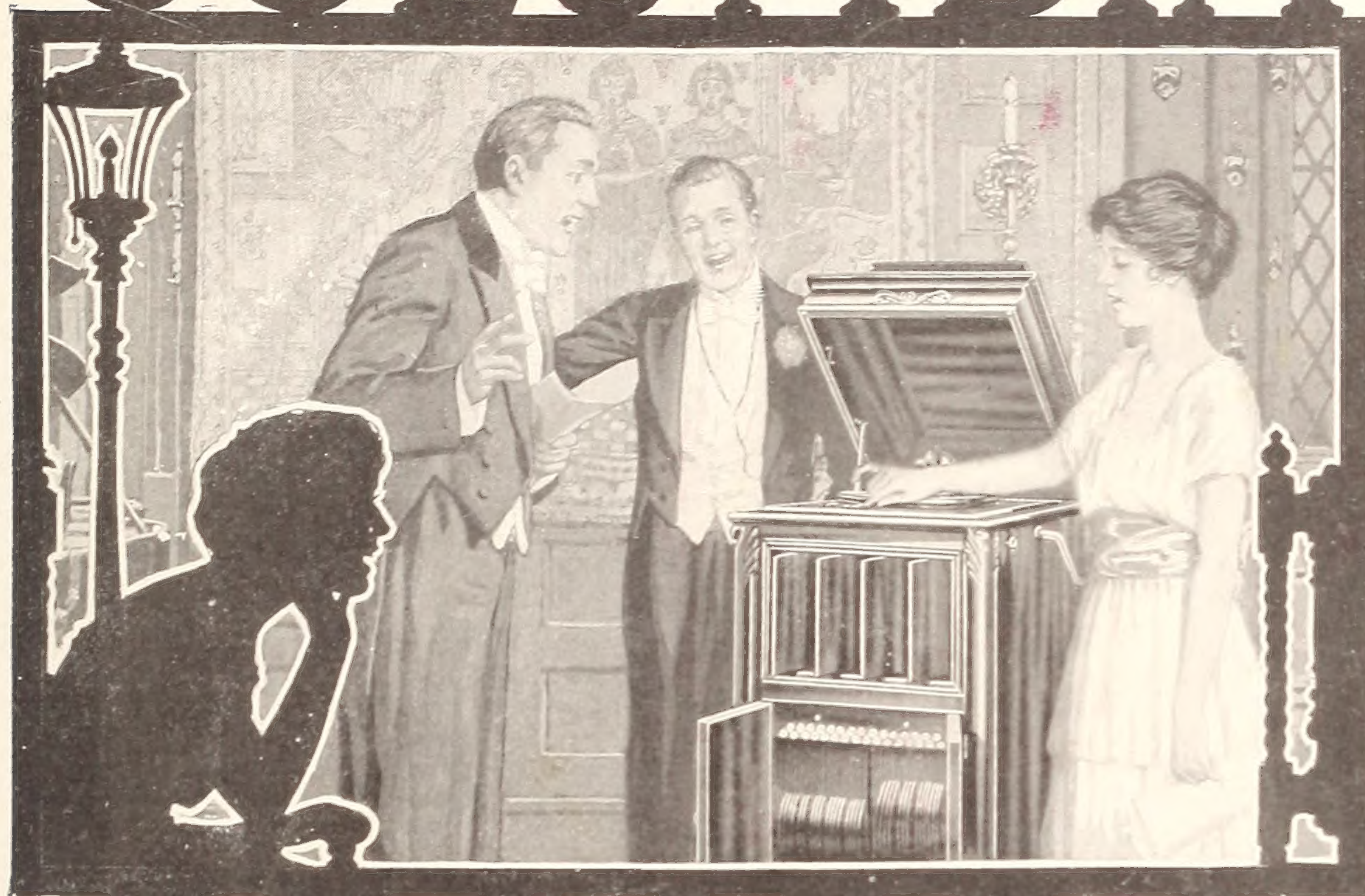
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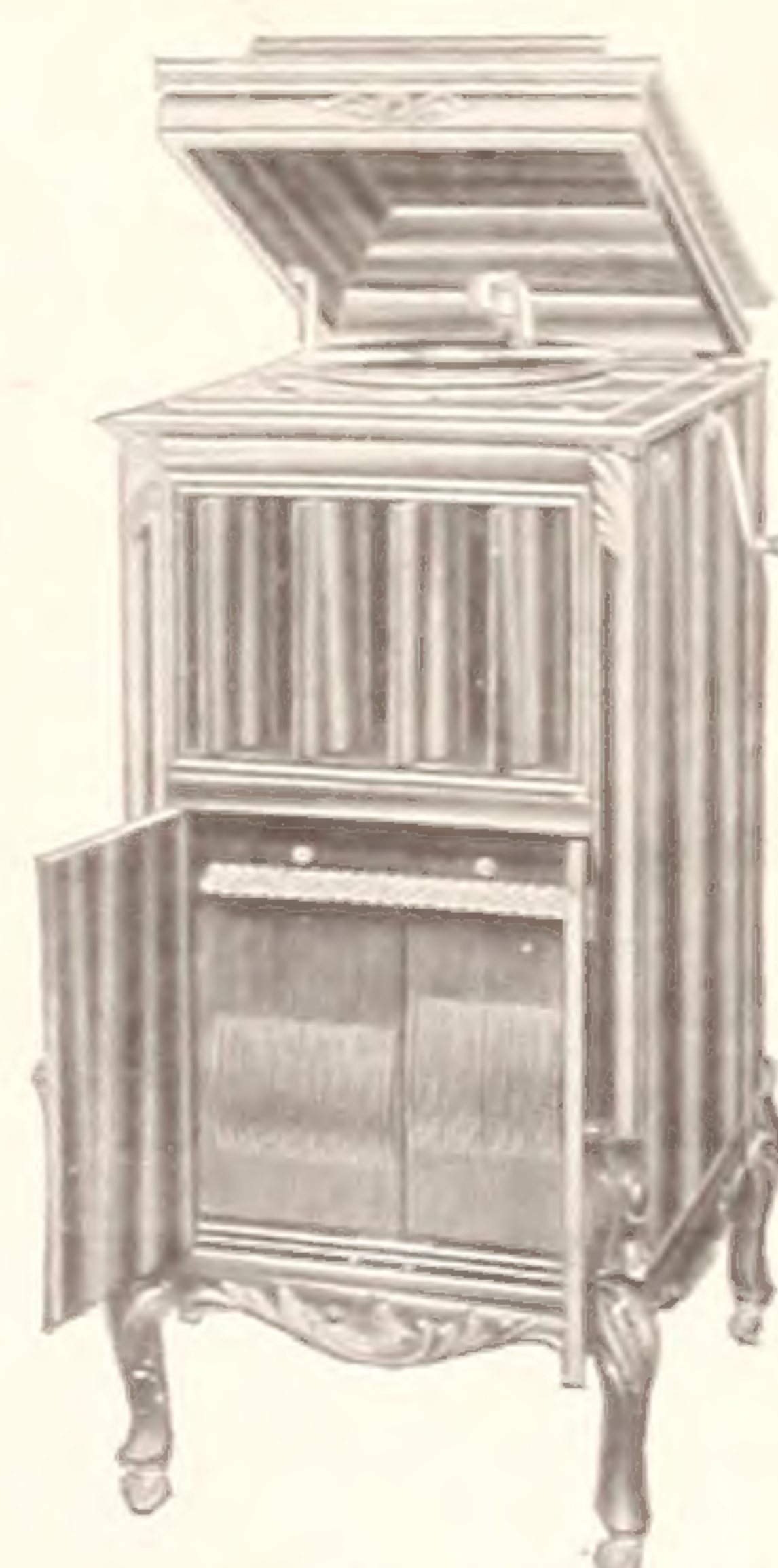
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